

Songs OF Reverend Love



EDITED
BY

J. R. SWENEY, C. C. McCABE,
T. C. O'KANE,
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

J. P. MAGEE

88 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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"Music is the soul of Love"
Is that so

Bottom Staples.
Biddleford
Mains

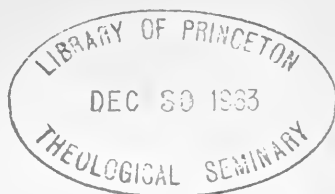
Feb of '84

Salvation Army

*Mr Hitchings died March
10-1887.*

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SONGS



OF

REDEEMING LOVE

*"Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."*

✓
EDITED BY

JNO. R. SWENEY,

T. C. O'KANE,

C. C. McCABE,

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

CRANSTON & STOWE,

Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.

JOHN J. HOOD,

1018 Arch St., Philadelphia.

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PREFACE.

“FEAR not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name ; thou art mine.”

“Therefore the redeemed of the LORD shall return, and come with singing unto Zion ; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head ; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.”

“Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem : for the LORD hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.”

“Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity.”

“Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold ; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.”

“Unto him that loved us,
and washed us from our sins in his own blood,
and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father,
to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

AMEN.

SONGS OF REDEEMING LOVE.

Redeeming Love.

J. A. C.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem-ing love! Redeem-ing love! This is the theme of saints a-
 2. The an- gel hosts all wond'ring see, And long to solve the mys- ter-
 3. And here on earth the power is given To sing the sweet- est songs of

bove,— Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Ar-rayed in
 y Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Ea-ger their
 heaven,—Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! And our poor

heaven's own spot-less white, Chant they this song with pure de-light,—
 gold- en harps to tune With saints redeemed a- round the throne.
 voic- es e'en to raise In notes of loud and joy- ful praise,—

Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love!

4 Oh! shout aloud, ye sons of men,
 Tell the glad tidings o'er again,—
 Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
 From east to west, from south to north,
 Still let the sound go reaching forth,—
 Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

5 Let distant lands take up the strain,
 Till love on earth entire shall reign,
 Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
 O earth, be glad! O heaven, above,
 Sing ye the song,—Redeeming love!
 Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

The Song of the Soul.

Rev. HENRY A. VON DULSEM.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, the song of the soul shall not die nor grow old, Nor languish nor
 2. In the beau-ti-ful land far a-way o'er the tide, The jasper-walled
 3. And the fair, golden harps in the hands of the blest, Shall thrill to a
 4. And as a-ges fly onward, tho' worlds cease to be, And per-ish the

pine, in the home of our King! But as a-ges fly onward new
 home of the An-cient of Days, Where the ransomed ones shine as the
 touch that no an-gel can give, As we sing in that land where the
 stars that in heav-en do throng, Still the joy of the soul shall be

chords shall un-fold, New mel-o-dies meeting, in-spire us to sing.
 sun in his pride, Our long hal-le-lu-jahs of glo-ry we'll raise.
 wea-ry shall rest, Of One who hath died that a sin-ner might live.
 deathless and free, And deathless and free the sweet notes of her song.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the song of the soul! Oh, the song of the soul!

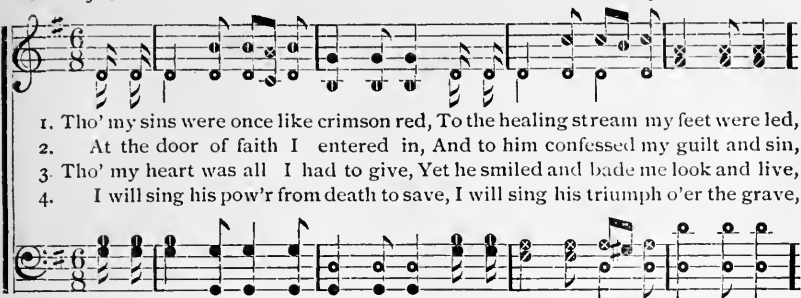
For-ev-er in glo-ry the song of the soul!

Washed White as Snow.

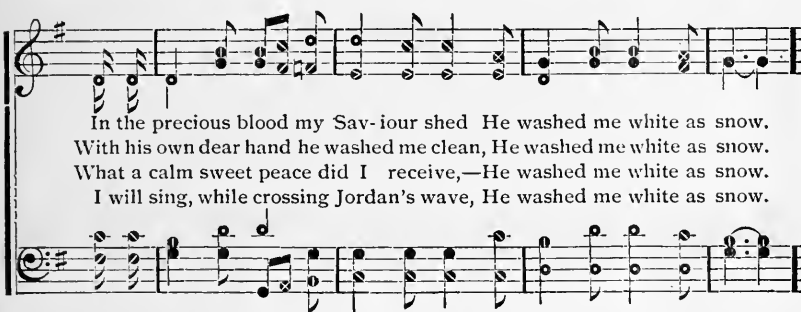
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

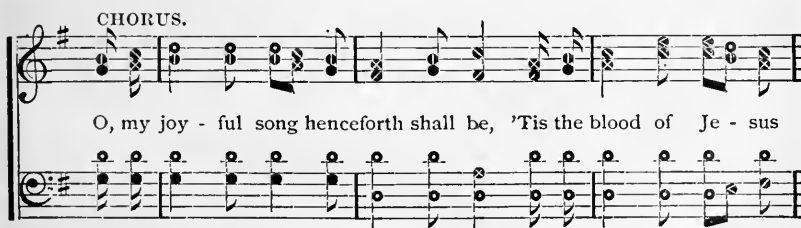


1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
 2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin,
 3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live,
 4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,

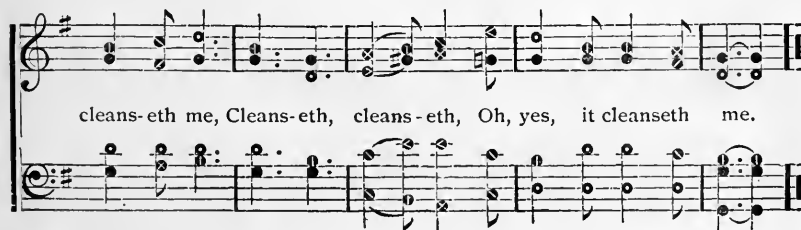


In the precious blood my Sav-iour shed He washed me white as snow.
 With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
 What a calm sweet peace did I receive,—He washed me white as snow.
 I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.

CHORUS.



O, my joy - ful song henceforth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus

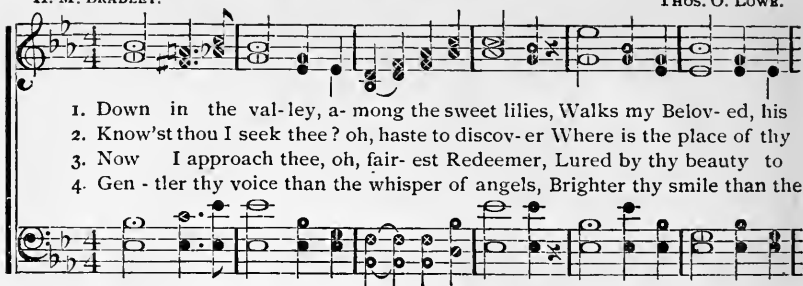


cleans-eth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.

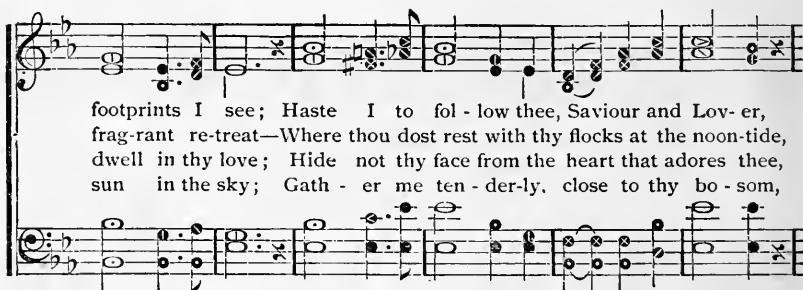
The Beloved.

H. M. BRADLEY.

THOS. O. LOWE.

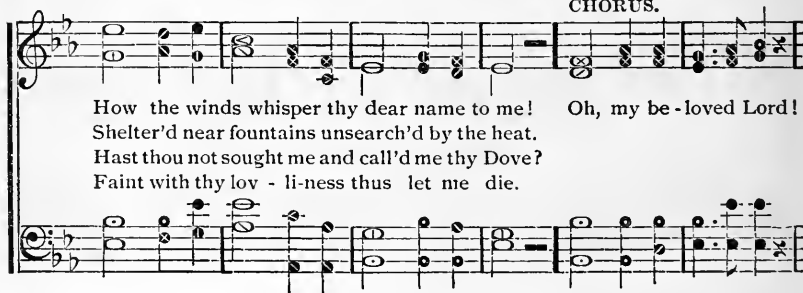


1. Down in the val-ley, a-mong the sweet lilies, Walks my Belov-ed, his
 2. Know'st thou I seek thee? oh, haste to discov-er Where is the place of thy
 3. Now I approach thee, oh, fair-est Redeemer, Lured by thy beauty to
 4. Gen-ter thy voice than the whisper of angels, Brighter thy smile than the



footprints I see; Haste I to fol-low thee, Saviour and Lov-er,
 frag-rant re-treat—Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon-tide,
 dwell in thy love; Hide not thy face from the heart that adores thee,
 sun in the sky; Gath-er me ten-der-ly, close to thy bo-som,

CHORUS.



How the winds whisper thy dear name to me! Oh, my be-loved Lord!
 Shelter'd near fountains unsearch'd by the heat.
 Hast thou not sought me and call'd me thy Dove?
 Faint with thy lov-li-ness thus let me die.



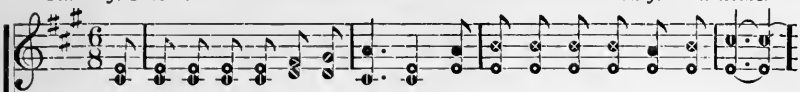
For me thy life-blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus my Lord

Redeemed.

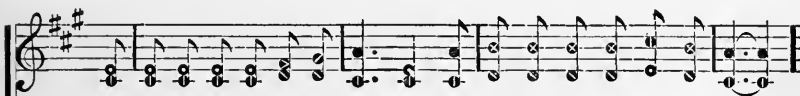
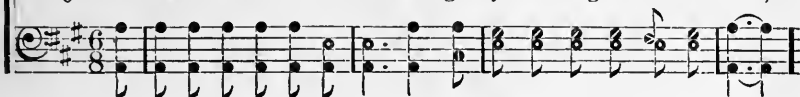
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,



Redeemed thro' his infi - nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.
 I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who loving - ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,
 And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



REFRAIN.



Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
 redeemed, redeemed,



Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.
 redeemed, redeemed,



Speak to Me, Jesus.

1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold; Far from kind friends, that so
 2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, In sickness and sor - row, so
 3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my
 4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im - part, To strengthen, to comfort, and

of - ten have told That sto - ry so sim - ple, so kind and so free, Oh,
 ten - der and soft, Did gen - tly admon - ish in Beth - a - ny's home, Oh,
 wand'ring's are o'er; I seek now for par - don, in pen - i - tence wait, Oh,
 cheer my weak heart; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied; Oh,
D.S.—ply now thy blood, that from sin makes so free; Oh,
Fine. CHORUS.

Speak to me, Je - sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . . to me,
 speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come.
 speak to me, Je - sus, before 'tis too late.
 help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,
 speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.
 (3d verse.)—I now come to thee.
 (4th verse.)—I have come to thee.

Je - sus, speak . . . from a - bove, Tell of thy
 speak to me, speak from a - bove Tell of thy hands,
D.S.

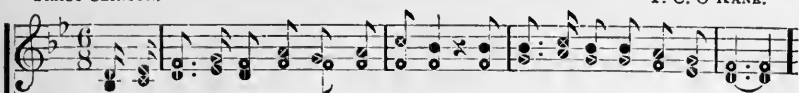
hands, of thy side, and thy love; Ap -
 tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love;
 DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Have you heard?

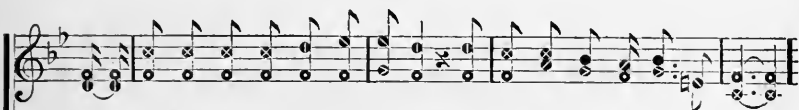
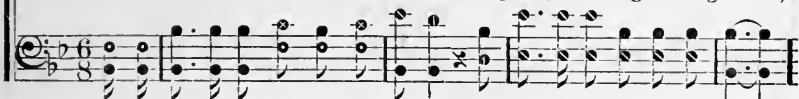
9

TRACY CLINTON.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Have you heard of those heavenly mansions, Prepared by the Saviour above,
2. Have you heard of that wonderful ci - ty, Whose walls are of jasper and gold?
3. Have you heard of those emblems of vict'ry, That all of the glori-fied bear?
4. But the beauti-ful mansion and ci - ty, The palm, and the glittering crown,



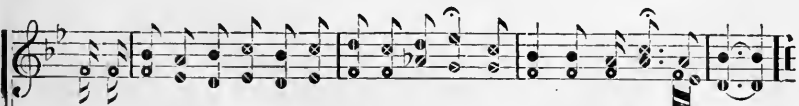
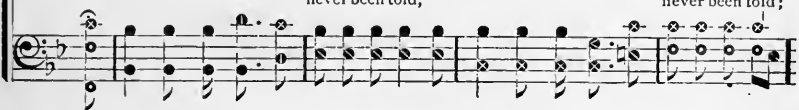
For all who are un - to him faithful, And who his appearing shall love?
Whose inha - bit - ants ev - er are happy, And nev - er grow weary or old?
Of the star-bedecked crowns of rejoicing Which all of the ransomed shall wear?
We each may en-joy, if we serve him Who for us his life once laid down.



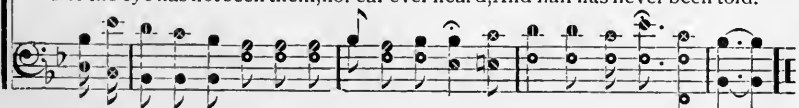
CHORUS.



Yet, half has never been told, . . . Yet, half has never been told; . . .
never been told, never been told;



For the eye has not seen them, nor ear ever heard, And half has never been told.



For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow. pp**m*

1. Softly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
 2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
 4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS.*cres.*

Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home, . .
 Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Earnest-ly, tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By permission.

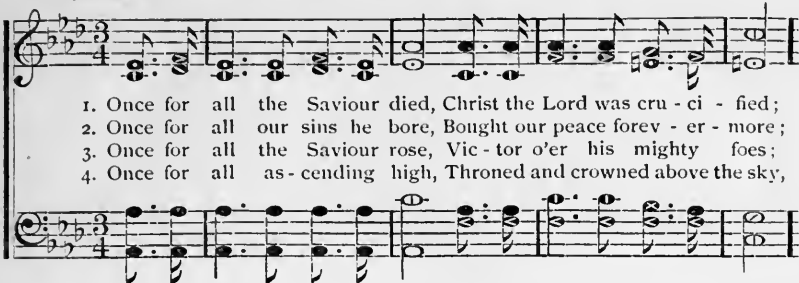
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Once for All the Saviour Died.

11

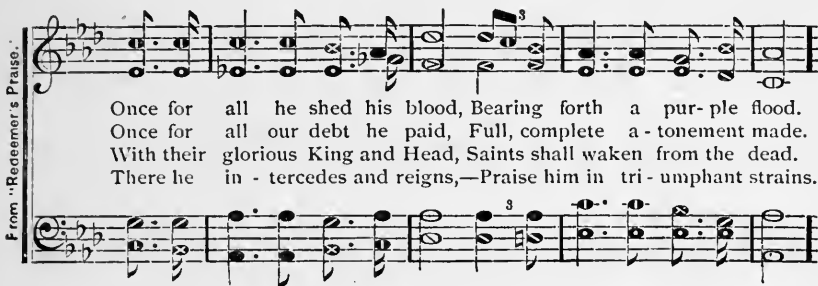
Rev J. H. MARTIN.

T. C. O'KANE.



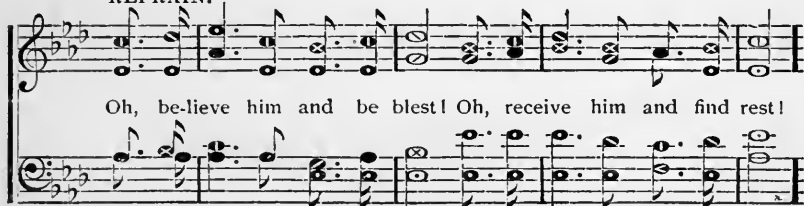
1. Once for all the Saviour died, Christ the Lord was cru - ci - fied;
 2. Once for all our sins he bore, Bought our peace forev - er - more;
 3. Once for all the Saviour rose, Vic - tor o'er his mighty foes;
 4. Once for all as - cending high, Throned and crowned above the sky,

From "Redeemer's Praise."

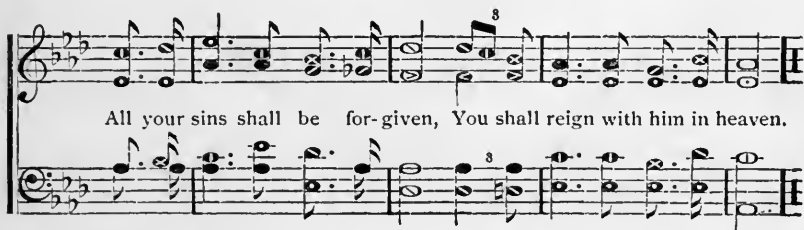


Once for all he shed his blood, Bearing forth a pur - ple flood.
 Once for all our debt he paid, Full, complete a - tonement made.
 With their glorious King and Head, Saints shall waken from the dead.
 There he in - tercedes and reigns,—Praise him in tri - umphant strains.

REFRAIN.



Oh, be - lieve him and be blest! Oh, receive him and find rest!



All your sins shall be for - given, You shall reign with him in heaven.

Wait, and Murmur Not.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes!
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Thou
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The

'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
 yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.
 grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
 day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,

wait, meek - ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meekly wait,

O, wait, meekly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not, O, murmur not

In the Cleft of the Rock.

13

Mrs J. C. YULE.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. In the Rock that is high-er than I In peace I am resting to-
 2. In the Rock that is high-er than I, The Rock that was rent for my
 3. In the Rock that is high-er than I, That-is stronger than earth or than
 4. O, the Rock that is high-er than I, I hide in the cleft of his

day, And the clouds that hung dark O'er my storm-driven bark Are
 sin,— In the cleft of the Rock, Where there cometh no shock, I am
 hell,— With nev-er a fear, Tho' the storm rages near, In
 'side, And I know that for aye, Tho' the worlds pass away, My

CHORUS.

rolled from the heavens a-way. O, the Rock that is higher than I!
 hiding; by mercy shut in!
 peace and as-surance I dwell!
 hiding-place still shall a-bide!

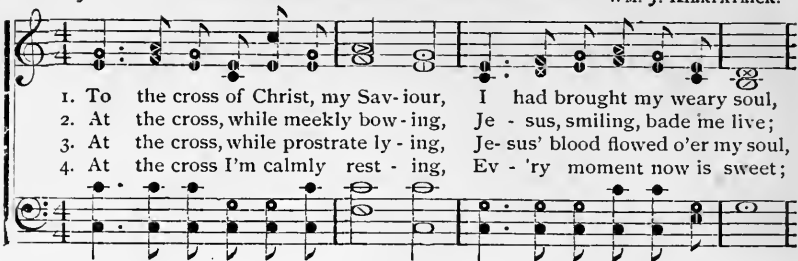
Blessed Rock that is high-er than I! Safe sheltered I rest, Where no

ills can mo-lest, In the Rock that is high-er than I!

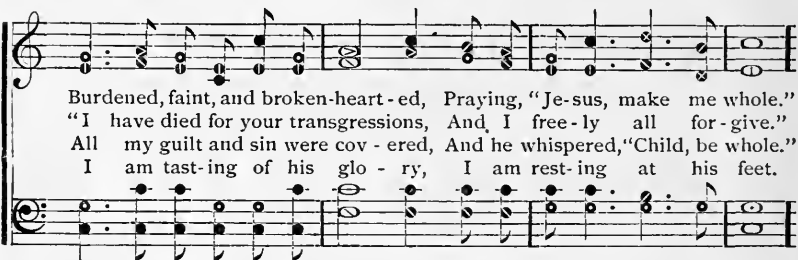
Resting at the Cross.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

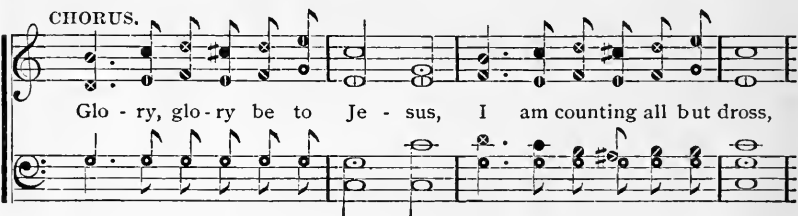


1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav-iour, I had brought my weary soul,
 2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je-sus, smiling, bade me live;
 3. At the cross, while prostrate ly-ing, Je-sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
 4. At the cross I'm calmly rest-ing, Ev-'ry moment now is sweet;



Burdened, faint, and broken-heart-ed, Praying, "Je-sus, make me whole."
 "I have died for your transgressions, And I free-ly all for-give."
 All my guilt and sin were cov-ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."
 I am tast-ing of his glo-ry, I am rest-ing at his feet.

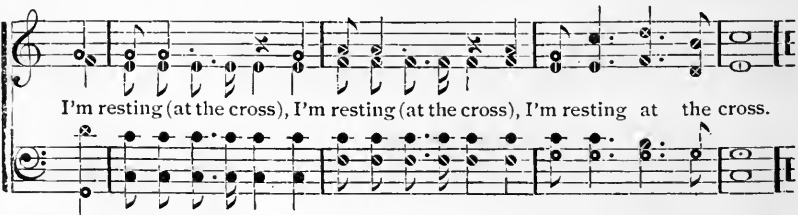
CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus, I am counting all but dross,



I have found a full sal-va-tion, I am resting at the cross;



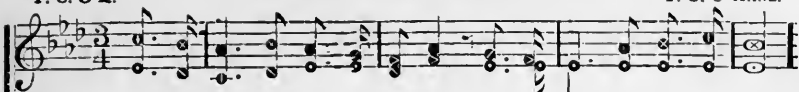
I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting at the cross.

"Follow Me."

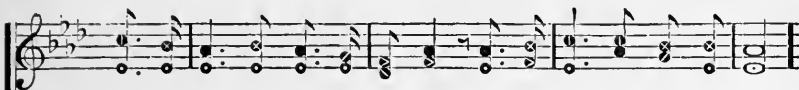
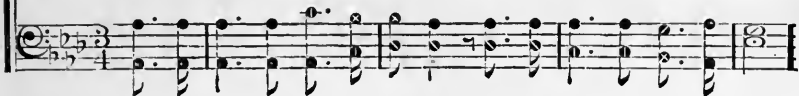
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T. C. O'K.

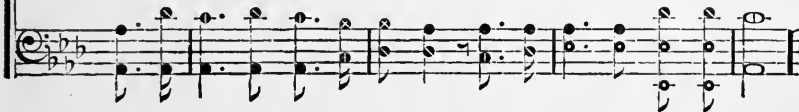
T. C. O'KANE.



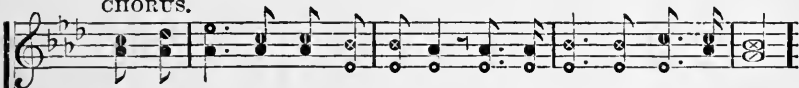
1. Hear you not the Sav-iour calling, Call-ing you so earn-est-ly?
2. Lay not up on earth your treasure, Transient, perish-ing 'twill be;
3. In my Fa-ther's house in heaven, Let your hearts untroubled be,



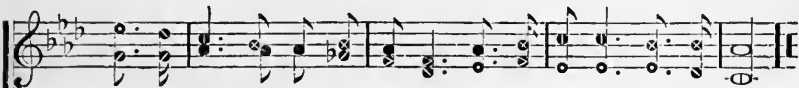
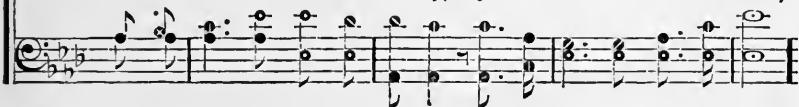
Gent-ly, too, the tones are fall-ing, "Come, oh, come, and fol-low me."
 Rath-er seek e-ter-nal pleasure; Would you find it? Fol-low me.
 Glorious man-sion will be giv-en, On-ly come and fol-low me.



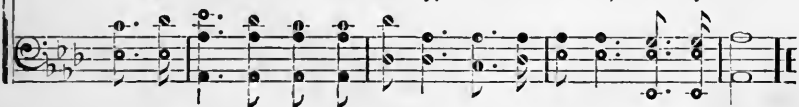
CHORUS.



Let us round our Lead-er ral-ly, Je-sus bids us each to come;



He will lead us thro' life's valley, O'er the riv-er, safe-ly home.



- 4 Be thy pathway bright or dreary
 Whither duty leadeth thee,
 Strong thy steps, or faint and weary,
 I will guide thee,—follow me.

- 5 When thy days on earth are ending,
 And the close of life you see,
 Even to the grave descending,
 Never fear, but follow me.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

What a Refuge.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To the shadow of the Rock in a thirsty land I flee, To the
 2. To the shadow of a Rock, where so many pilgrim feet, In their
 3. In the shadow of the Rock, where the peaceful waters glide, Peaceful

shadow of the Rock just be-fore me; My Redeemer bids me go, and how
 joyful, joyful haste now are turning; Where their weary, troubled hearts find a
 waters from the pure crystal riv - er, In the shadw of the Rock, in its

Fine.
 sweet my rest will be, With his tender, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.
 sure and safe retreat, And the blessed lamp of faith still is burn - ing.
 cleft my soul shall hide, With my blessed Lord to dwell, and for-ev - er.

D.S.—sweet my rest will be, With his tender, loving smile beaming o'er me.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a ref - uge from ev-'ry throbbing care! Oh, what a refuge!—my

D.S.
 on - ly hope is there; My Re - deemer bids me go, and how

Outside the Gate.

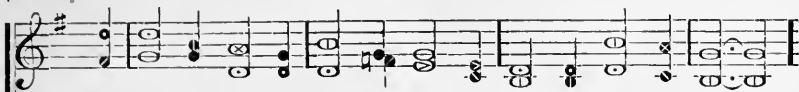
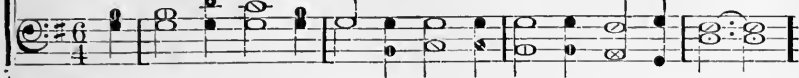
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HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

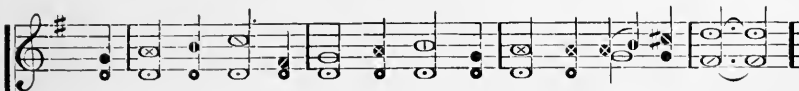
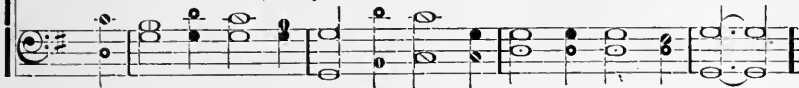
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



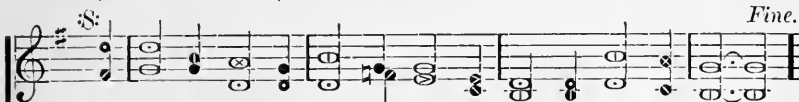
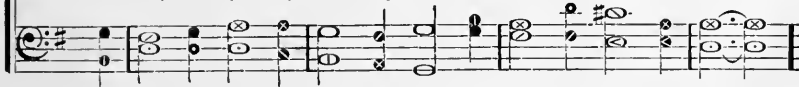
1. Poor, starving soul, there's room for thee Within thy Father's home;
2. Thy Father waits; what keeps thee back? Behold his pleading face!
3. O, lin-ger not, the time is short, Its sands are ebb-ing fast;



Why lin-ger still? there's bread to spare; Come in,—no longer roam,—
His circling arms would clasp thee now; O, seek his dear em-brace;
This hour is thine,—improve it well,—This hour,—perhaps thy last;

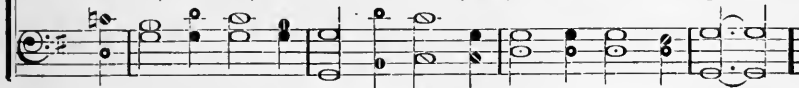


Come in,—be-hold, thy Fa-ther calls; His love for thee is great;
He longs to hear thee say, for-give; He mourns thy hapless state;
Come in, while yet thy Father pleads, Slight not his love so great;



Fine.

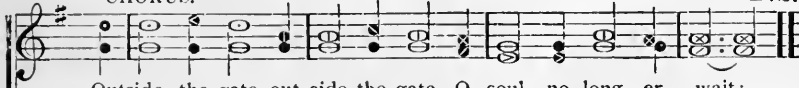
Come in, come in,—he bids thee come; Why stand outside the gate?



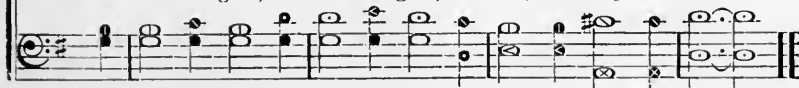
D. S.—Come in, come in, there's room for thee; Why stand outside the gate?

CHORUS.

D. S.



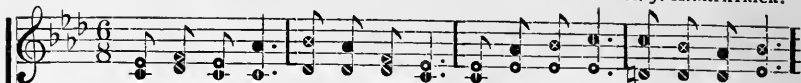
Outside the gate, out-side the gate, O soul, no long-er wait;



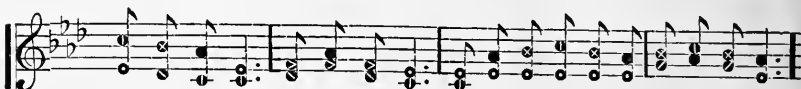
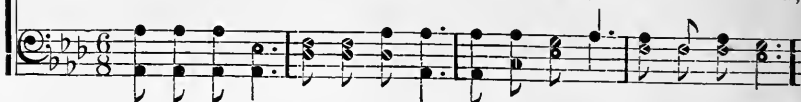
Beautiful Day.

W. J. K.

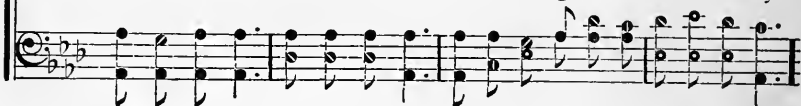
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Beau-ti-ful day, love-ly thy light; Ho-ly each ray, ban-ish-ing night;
2. Beau-ti-ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,
3. Beau-ti-ful day, perfect-ly bright; Je-sus al-way, boundless delight,
4. Beau-ti-ful day, ha-ven of rest; Ev'ry one may come and be bless'd;



Cloudless thy sky; peaceful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.
 When in my heart, over my way, First shone the noontide of beautiful day.
 Bliss all around, heaven by the way, Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day.
 Glory to God! naught can dismay; Christ is the light of this beautiful day.



REFRAIN.

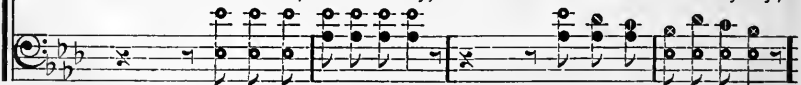


Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful day,

Evermore shine on my way;

Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day,

Ev-ermore shine on my way;



Saviour, I pray, keep me al-way Safe in this beauti-ful day.



beauti-ful day.

By permission.

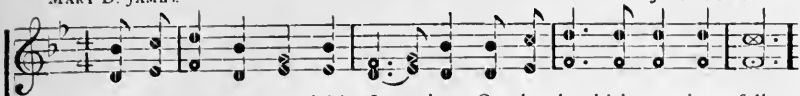
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Arc You Ready?

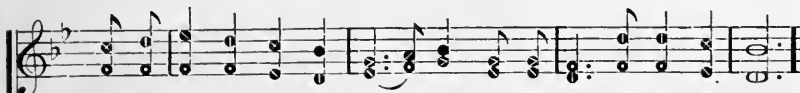
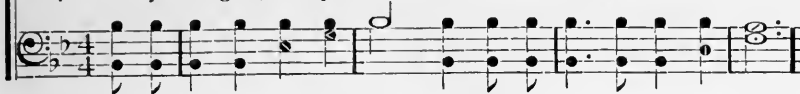
19

MARY D. JAMES.

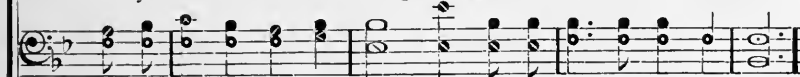
JNO. R. SWENEY.



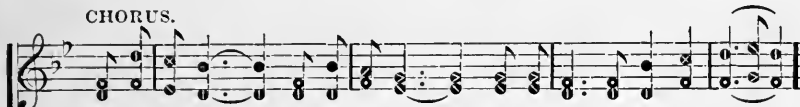
1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye vir - gins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!



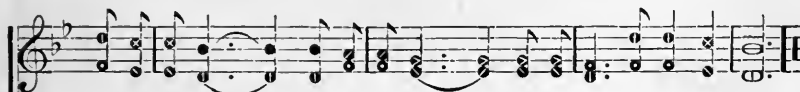
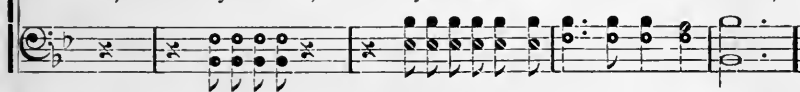
Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls appal?
Are your lamps all trimm'd and burning? Should the Bridegroom now appear?
Are they wash'd in-the cleansing fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.



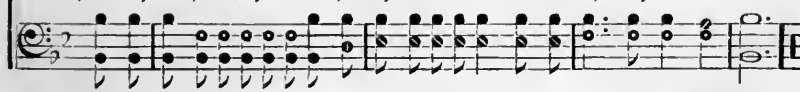
CHORUS.



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord ap - pear!
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! When he cometh from the skies;



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? * Now to see your Lord appear?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!
Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!



I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John i. 29.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. O, sing of Je-sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
 2. O wondrous power of love di-vine! So pure, so full, so free!
 3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er - more shall be;

And for a ran-som shed his blood, For you and e - ven me.
 It reach-es out to all mankind, Em-brac-es e - ven me.
 He hath redeemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

I'm re - deemed, I'm re - deemed, Through the
 I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

blood of the Lamb that was slain, . . . I'm re - deemed,
 of the Lamb that was slain, I'm redeemed,

I'm re - deemed, Hal - le - lu - jah un - to his name.
 I'm redeemed,

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI ;

Jesus will give you Rest.

21

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your ach-ing
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je-sus, who loves you
 4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his lov-ing

pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-iour and Lord,
 breast; On-ly come as you are, and be-lieve on his name,
 best, By his death on the Cross purchased life for your soul,
 breast; And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be,

REFRAIN.

Je-sus will give you rest. Oh, hap-py rest! sweet, happy rest!

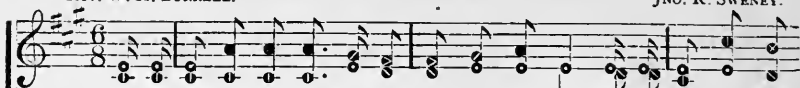
Je-sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in
 happy rest,

aim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je-sus will give you rest.

Coming to Jesus.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

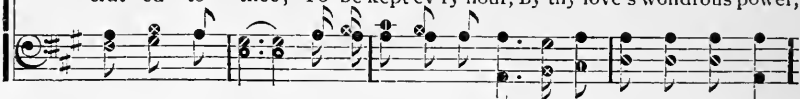
JNO. R. SWENEY.



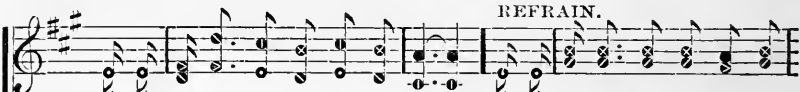
1. With my sin-wounded soul, To be made ful - ly whole, And thy perfect sal-
2. O, how long have I tried To re - sist nature's tide, All in vain have I
3. I thy promise believe, That in thee I shall live, Thro' thy blood shed so
4. To be thine, wholly thine, Precious Saviour divine; With my all con-se-



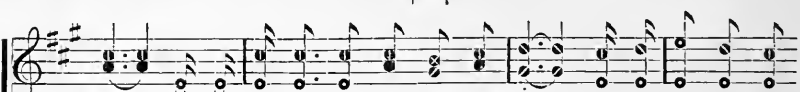
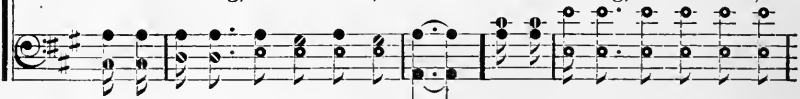
vation to see; With my heart stained by sin, To be washed and made clean,
 sighed to be free; In myself all undone, 'Neath the waves sinking down,
 free - ly for me To ob-tain a pure heart, To secure this "good part,"
 crat-ed to thee; To be kept ev'ry hour, By thy love's wondrous power,



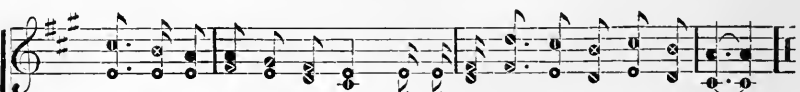
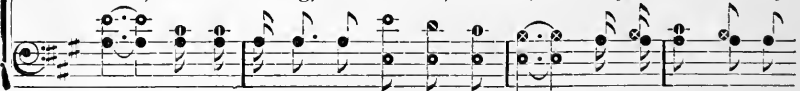
REFRAIN.



I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee. I am coming, dear Saviour, to



thee, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee; With my heart stained by



sin, To be washed and made clean, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

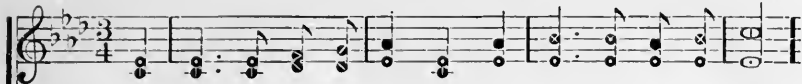


Freely Speak for Jesus.

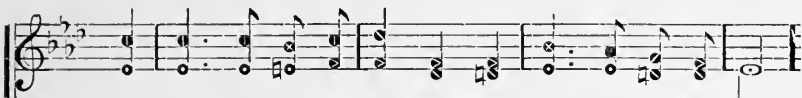
23

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

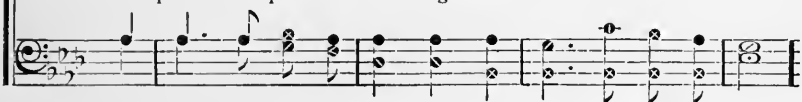
T. C. O'KANE.



1. Oh, free - ly speak for Je - sus,—Pro-claim how great his love;
2. Go, bear a - mid the dark-ness Some beams of gos-pel light,
3. Oh, gent - ly lift the fal - len; Let love her man-tle spread;
4. The small - est act for Je - sus Shall glow with grace di - vine,



Oh, tell that sweet compas - sion Once brought him from a - bove.
 'Till hope shall clear each pathway Now shroud - ed dark as night.
 Then bear the lost to Je - sus, Who once for sin - ners bled.
 And peace that pass-eth knowledge Shall ev - er-more be thine.



CHORUS. ^

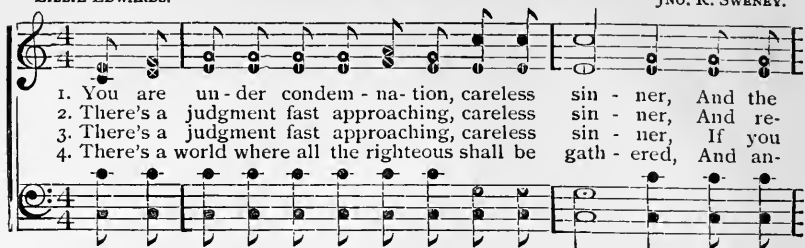


Yes, fill thy life with ser - vice, Oh, fill it to the brim;

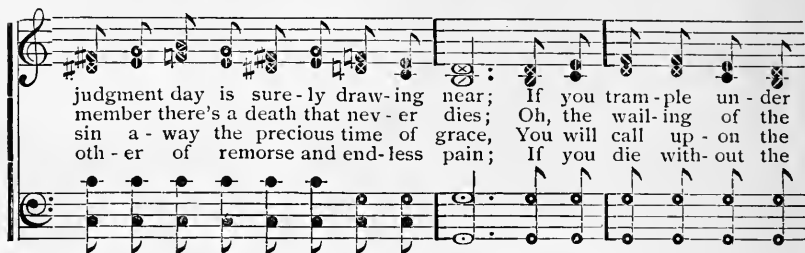


Christ wrought for thee a bless - ing: Then do thy best for him.

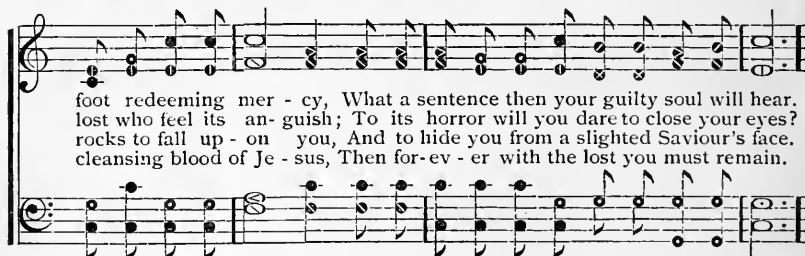




1. You are un - der condem - na - tion, care - less sin - ner, And the
 2. There's a judgment fast approach - ing, care - less sin - ner, And re -
 3. There's a judgment fast approach - ing, care - less sin - ner, If you
 4. There's a world where all the righte - ous shall be gath - ered, And an -

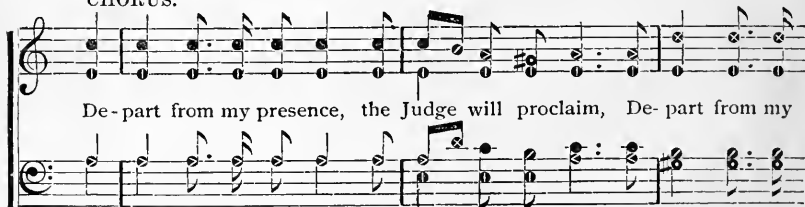


judgment day is sure - ly draw - ing near; If you tram - ple un - der
 mem - ber there's a death that nev - er dies; Oh, the wail - ing of the
 sin a - way the pre - cious time of grace, You will call up - on the
 oth - er of re - morse and end - less pain; If you die with - out the



foot re - deem - ing mer - cy, What a sen - tence then your guilty soul will hear.
 lost who feel its an - guish; To its hor - ror will you dare to close your eyes?
 rocks to fall up - on you, And to hide you from a slight - ed Sav - iour's face.
 cleans - ing blood of Je - sus, Then for - ev - er with the lost you must re - main.

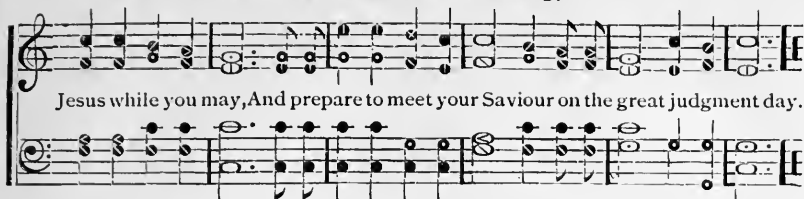
CHORUS.



De - part from my pres - ence, the Judge will pro - claim, De - part from my



pres - ence in - to ev - er - last - ing flame! Oh, escape this aw - ful doom; cling to

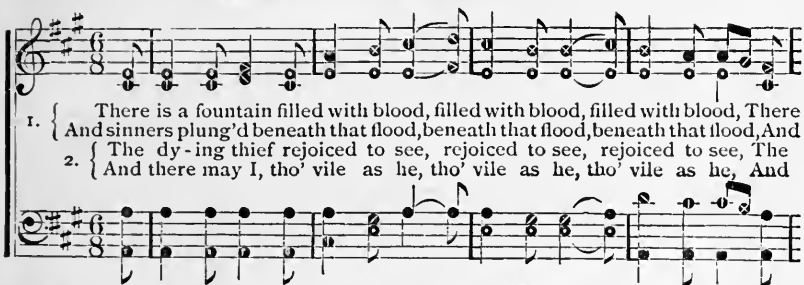


Jesus while you may, And prepare to meet your Saviour on the great judgment day.

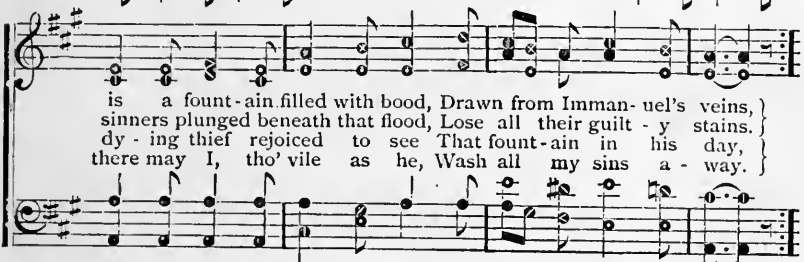
OWPER.

Glorious Fountain.

T. C. O'KANE.

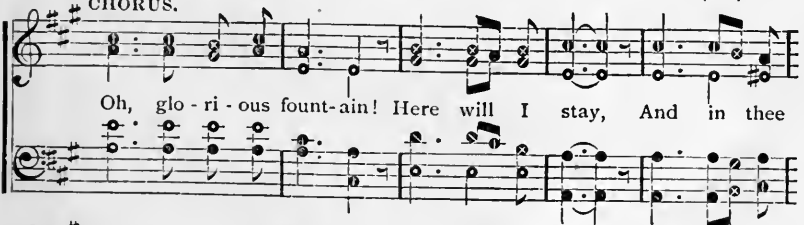


1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And

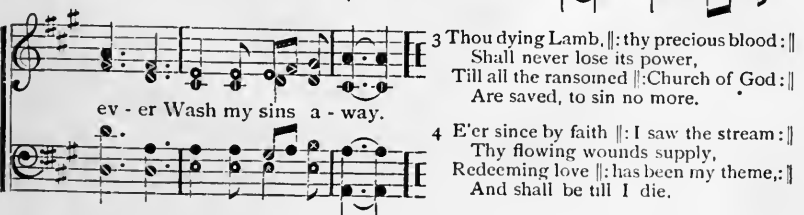


is a fount-ain filled with bood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins, }
sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount-ain in his day, }
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.



Oh, glo - ri - ous fount-ain! Here will I stay, And in thee



ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

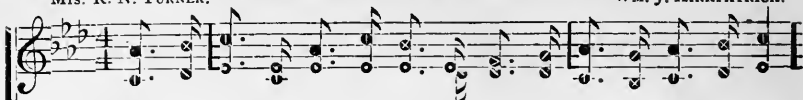
3 Thou dying Lamb, :: thy precious blood ::
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed :: Church of God ::
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith :: I saw the stream ::
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love :: has been my theme ::
And shall be till I die.

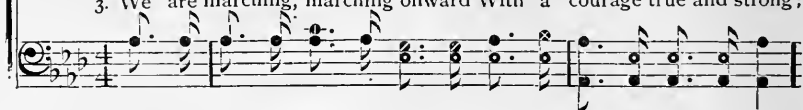
Marching Onward.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

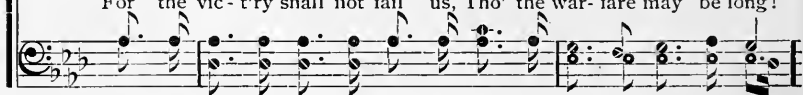
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



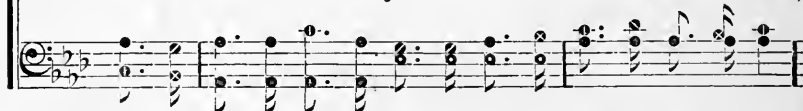
1. We are marching, marching onward, Strong to dare, and strong to do!
 2. As he leads us, so we'll fol - low, For his light illumines our way;
 3. We are marching, marching onward With a courage true and strong;



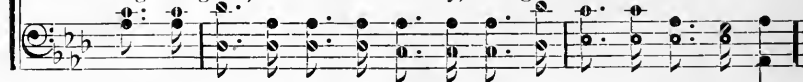
With our ban - ner float - ing o'er us, And our Leader, Christ in view!
 Ev - er on - ward, ev - er on - ward, Step by step, and day by day!
 For the vic - t'ry shall not fail us, Tho' the war - fare may be long!



Sin, with all its tempting pleasures, Beckons us with lur - ing hand;
 'Tis a grand and glorious ar - my; And the King whose name we bear,
 No! the heart that trusts in Je - sus Shall not fall in weakness down;



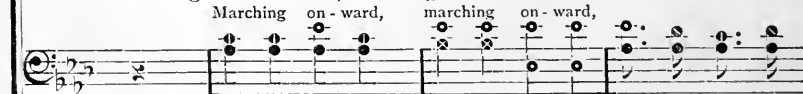
But with true and earnest purpose, For our Mas - ter we will stand.
 Watches o'er us, and sustains us, With a strong and ten - der care!
 Strength he gives, the cross to car - ry, Strength to win the victor's crown!



CHORUS.



March - ing on - ward, marching on - ward, Bearing forth the



Marching on - ward, marching on - ward,

ban-ner of the pure and free; Marching on-ward, marching
Marching on-ward,
on-ward; Christ our Leader prom-is-es the vic-to-ry.
Marching on-ward;

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drously sav'd from sin, Je-sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
entered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to his

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his

Fine. CHORUS.

name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his name;
D.S.

Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. xiv. 12.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

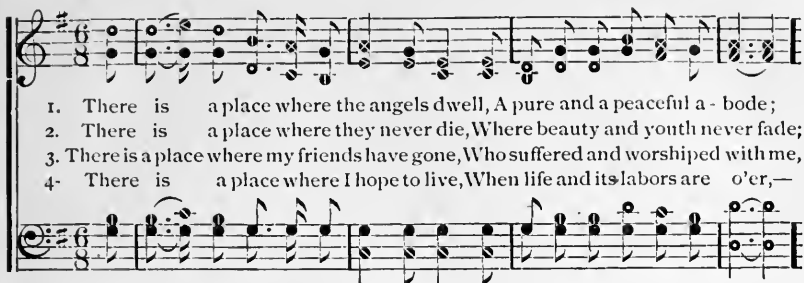
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

My Father-land.

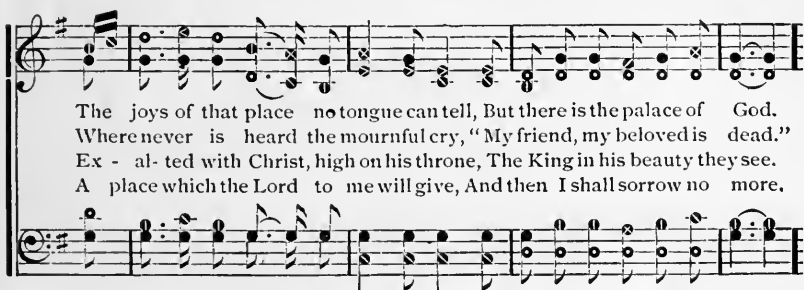
29

Rev. W. HUNTER.

T. C. O'KANE.




1. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode ;
 2. There is a place where they never die, Where beauty and youth never fade ;
 3. There is a place where my friends have gone, Who suffered and worshiped with me,
 4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er, —



The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the palace of God.
 Where never is heard the mournful cry, "My friend, my beloved is dead."
 Ex - al - ted with Christ, high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.
 A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

CHORUS.



I'm bound for home, for my father-land, The house and the city a - bove ; And



soon shall I join the ransom'd band, And dwell in that cit-y of love.

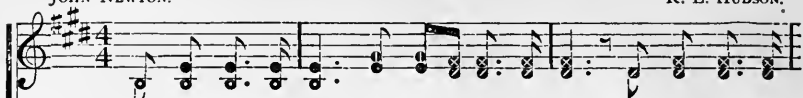
By permission.

DO RR MI FA SO LA SI

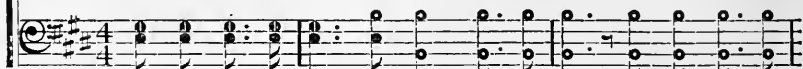
Rejoicing Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON.

R. E. HUDSON.



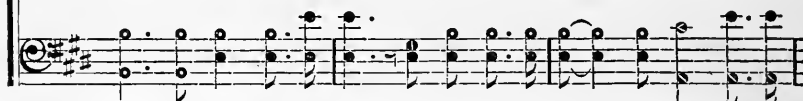
1. Tho' troubles as-sail, and dang - ers affright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us
3. When Sa-tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we



CHORUS.—Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-



fail, and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing secures us, whatev - er be-learn to trust for our bread, His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-fears, we tri-umph by faith; He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our graces have

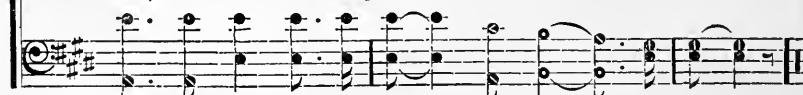


joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the



D. C.

tide, The prom - ise as-sures us,—the Lord will pro - vide.
nied, So long as 'tis written,—the Lord will pro - vide.
tried, The heart-cheer-ing promise,—the Lord will pro - vide.
tried, This ans - wers all questions,—the Lord will pro - vide.



Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great [name:
In this strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide,

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on [our side,
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide,

Is not this the Land of Beulah.

31

ANON.

ARRANGED.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the fountain, Where I ev-er would a-bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams;
Oft-en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast-ed life's pure riv-er, And my soul is sat-is-fied;

Where the air is pure, e-the-real, Laden with the breath of flowers,
Brok-en vows and dis-ap-pointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a-dorn-ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Blessed, bles-sed land of light,

D. S. Chorus.

They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am-a-ranthine bowers.
But the Spir-it led, un-er-ring, To the land I hold to-day.
For I've found a rich-er treasure, One that fad-eth not a-way.

Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is always bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

Is my Name written There?

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glorified

heaven, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its
 Saviour! is suf-fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
 be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de-

pag-es so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
 let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching,—Is my name written there?

REFRAIN.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name written there?

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Happy Tidings.

33

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov-ing Sav-iour, Still repeats the call,
Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso- ev - er ask-eth,
Come, ye weary, hea-vy-laden, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

Give to Jesus Glory.

W. H. CLARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. From mountain top and dew - y vale, From temples old and
 2. From break of day to star - ry night, Ring out sal - va - tion's
 3. High in the heaven of heavens a - bove, Where angels hosts a -
 2. Oh, sin - ner, ere per - di - tion's waves Shall roll in fu - ry

hoary, Proclaim redemption's wondrous tale, And give to Jesus glo - ry.
 story; And when returns the morning light, Still give to Je - sus glo - ry.
 dore thee, We'll sing the Father's matchless love, And give to Jesus glory.
 o'er thee, Come unto Jesus Christ who saves, And give to him the glo - ry.

CHORUS.

Give to Je - sus glo - ry, Give to Je - sus glo - ry, Proclaim re -

demp - tion's wondrous tale, And give to Je - sus glo - ry.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for
2. Oh, how en-riching is this sacred treasure! En-riching to this
3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest-ing! I rest to-day, I'm

fellowship di-vine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At
soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing any where Can with this love compare, And
resting all the time; "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And

CHORUS.

last, thro' faith, the holy boon was mine. I'm a-bid-ing, gracious
I henceforth, for-ev-er, Lord, am thine.
Je-sus will be yours as he is mine.

Sav-our, I'm a-bid-ing in thy precious love to-day; I'm a-

bid-ing, yes, a-bid-ing In thy love, thy precious love, to-day.

Whatsoe'er our Sowing be.

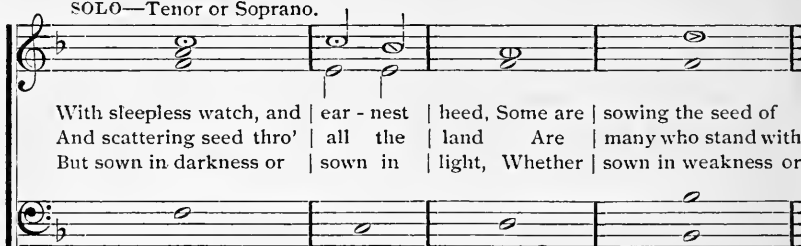
B. F. CRAWFORD.

QUARTETTE.

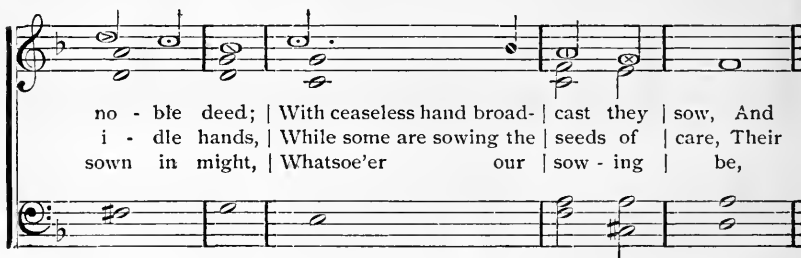


1. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:
 2. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:
 3. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:

SOLO—Tenor or Soprano.

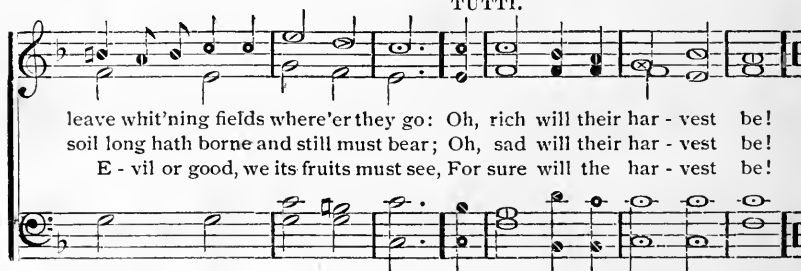


With sleepless watch, and | ear - nest | heed, Some are | sowing the seed of
 And scattering seed thro' | all the | land Are | many who stand with
 But sown in darkness or | sown in | light, Whether | sown in weakness or



no - ble deed; | With ceaseless hand broad - cast they | sow, And
 i - dle hands, | While some are sowing the | seeds of | care, Their
 sown in might, | Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing | be,

TUTTI.



leave whit'ning fields where'er they go: Oh, rich will their har - vest be!
 soil long hath borne and still must bear; Oh, sad will their har - vest be!
 E - vil or good, we its fruits must see, For sure will the har - vest be!

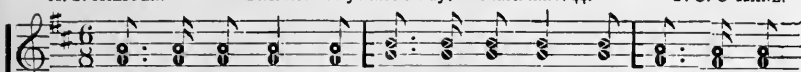
Say, are You Ready?

37

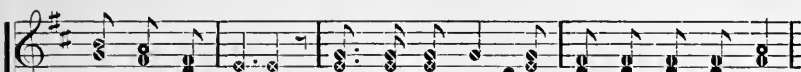
A. S. KIEFFER.

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Should the death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the




watch of to - night; Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment,
world of des - pair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa - tiently pleading,

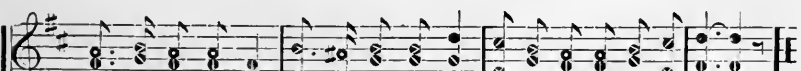
CHORUS.



Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
O let him save you to - night.



Oh, are you read - y If the death an - gel should call?
should call?



Say, are you read-y? Oh, are you read-y? Mercy stands waiting for all.

TRACY CLINTON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Jesus now of-fers forgiveness of sin Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
 2. Jesus the water of life will give Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
 3. Jesus has promised the bread of heav'n Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
 4. Haste to accept of his proffered love,—Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;

Pardon and pur-i-ty,—peace within,—Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
 Life un-to all who on him will believe, Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
 Ne'er shall they hunger to whom it is giv'n,—Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
 So you may win a crown promised above, Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.

REFRAIN.

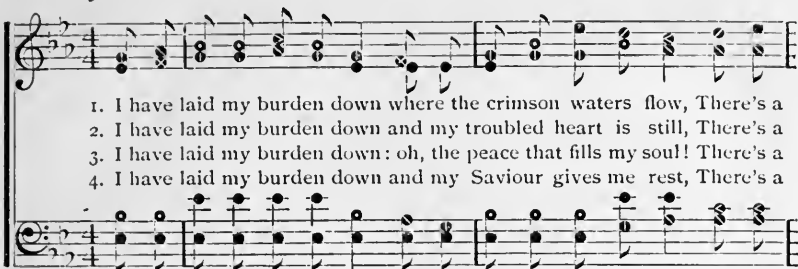
Come to Je-sus, his blessing receive; Come to Je-sus, in him you may live;

He is waiting sal-va-tion to give, Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.

There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me. 39

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



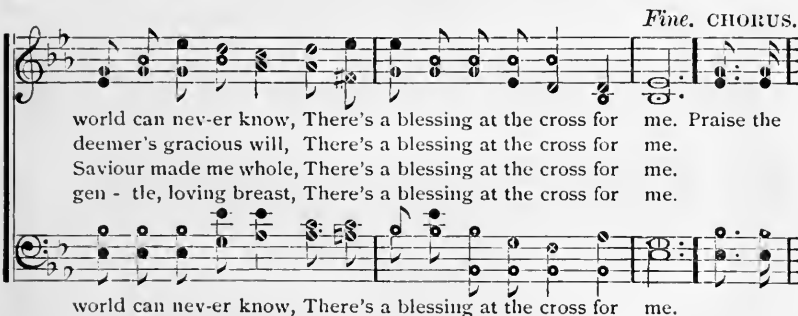
1. I have laid my burden down where the crimson waters flow, There's a
 2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a
 3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a
 4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a



blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the
 blessing at the cross for me; I am learning there by faith my Re-
 blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my
 blessing at the cross for me; I can pillow now my head on his

D.S.—found a spring of joy that the

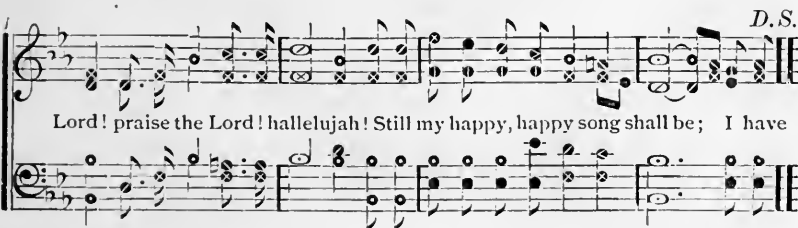
Fine. CHORUS.



world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the
 deemer's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
 Saviour made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
 gen - tle, loving breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

D.S.



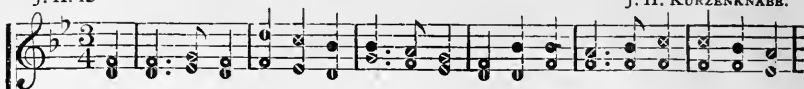
Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have

The Beautiful River.

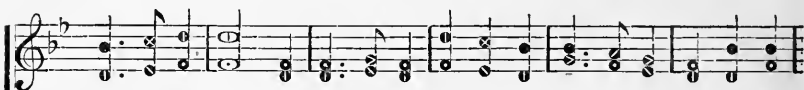
"And he showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. xxii. 1.

J. H. K

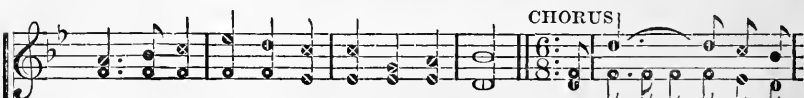
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. The beauti- ful riv-er, the life-giving riv-er, Will flow on e - ter-nal when
2. The gladdening plains and the valleys are telling Of glo-ry surrounding the
3. Oh, taste of this beauti-ful riv-er now flowing From out of the soul-saving



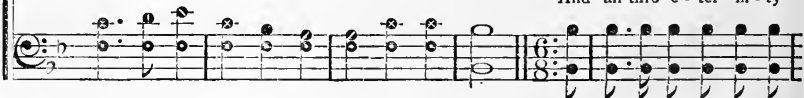
worlds cease to move; Its murmurings ech-o the praise of the Giv-er, Who
ev - ergreen shore; Of wonderful music, in richness excelling, Breathed
fount-ain for thee; Its name is sal - vation, on sinners be - stowing An



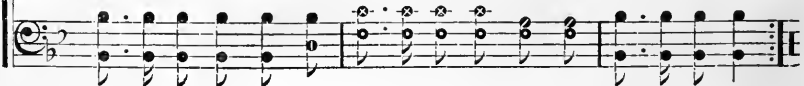
CHORUS

sends it to flow from the fountain of love.
back by the saints that have safely cross'd o'er.
undeserved pardon, e - ter-nal and free.

O beau - - ti-ful
O beau-ti - ful riv-er, thy
Be-side . . thy pure
And all thro'e - ter - ni - ty



riv - - - er, In sil - - - ver - y bed,
wa - ters will ev - er Flow on in their course thro' their sil - ver - y bed,
wa - - - - ters The ran - - - - somed are led. . . .
naught can e'er sev - er The ransomed in heaven by thy wa - ters bright led.

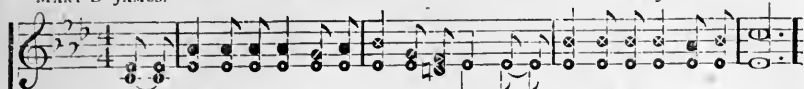


The Ransomed Singers.

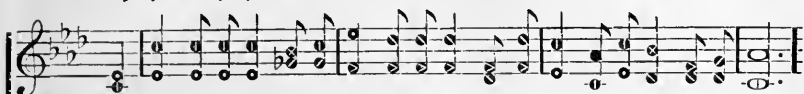
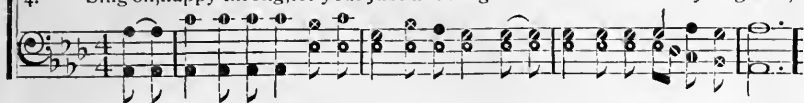
41

MARY D. JAMES.

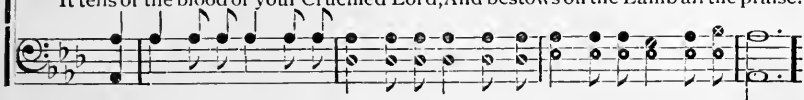
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



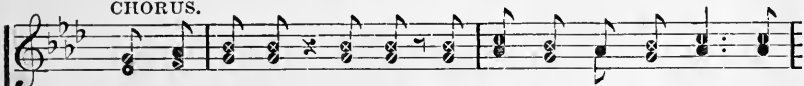
1. They are coming with songs, the victorious throngs, Lo! up to Mount Zion they come!
2. Tho' rough is their path, how unwav'ring their faith, Tho' fearful the foes in their way!
3. Oh, well may they sing, for the Spirit doth bring Rich foretastes of bliss as they go!
4. Sing on, happy throng, for your jubilant song Is the wonderful story of grace;



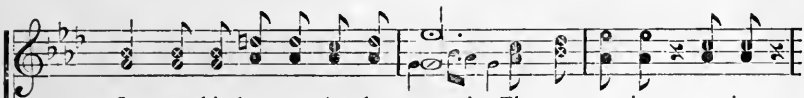
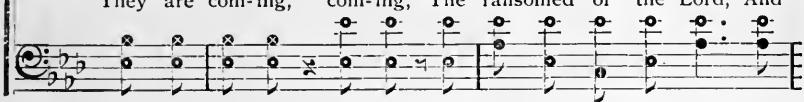
With joy they are crown'd; oh, what blessings abound In the way to their glorious home!
Still singing they come up to Zion their home, And they triumph in Christ day by day.
An earnest is given; the glory of heaven Makes bright all their pathway below!
It tells of the blood of your Crucified Lord, And bestows on the Lamb all the praise.



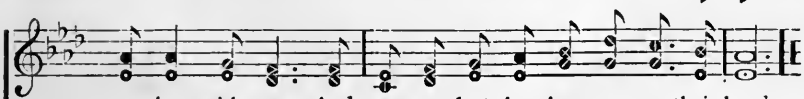
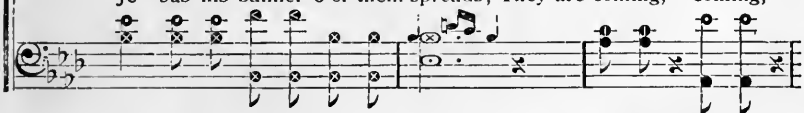
CHORUS.



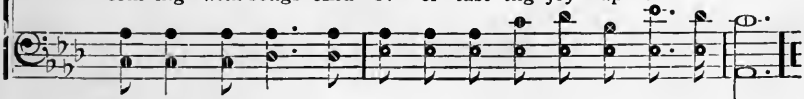
They are com-ing, com-ing, The ransomed of the Lord, And



Je - sus his banner o'er them spreads; They are coming, coming,



com-ing with songs And ev - er - last-ing joy up - on their heads.



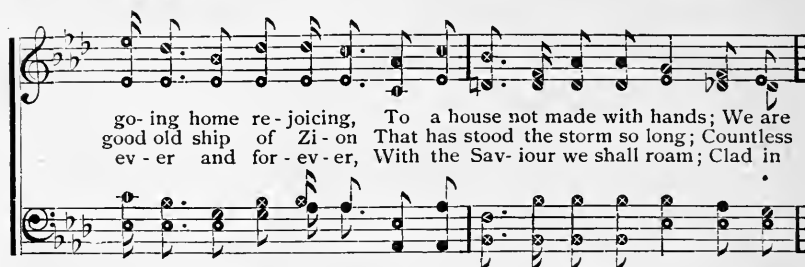
Going Home Rejoicing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

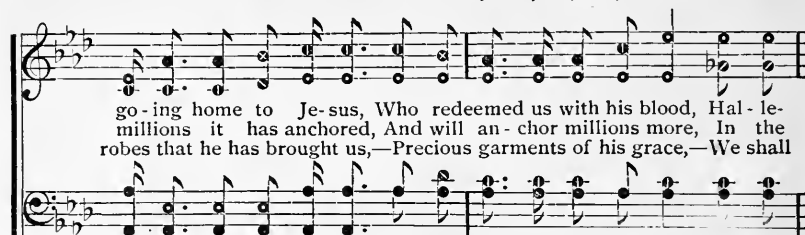
Jno. R. SWENEY.



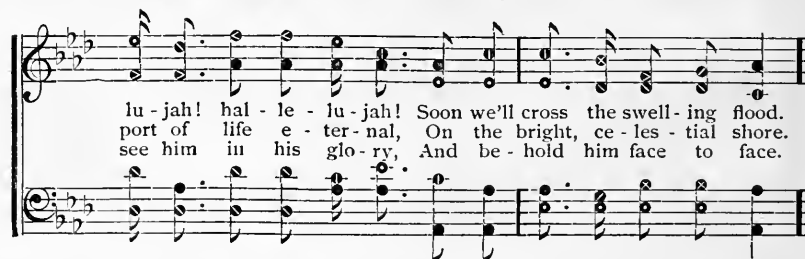
1. We are going home rejoicing, Where our Father's dwelling stands, We are
 2. We are going in a vessel That we know is firm and strong: 'Tis the
 3. We are going home rejoicing; Praise the Lord, we're going home! Where for-



go - ing home re - joicing, To a house not made with hands; We are
 good old ship of Zi - on, That has stood the storm so long; Countless
 ev - er and for - ev - er, With the Sav - iour we shall roam; Clad in

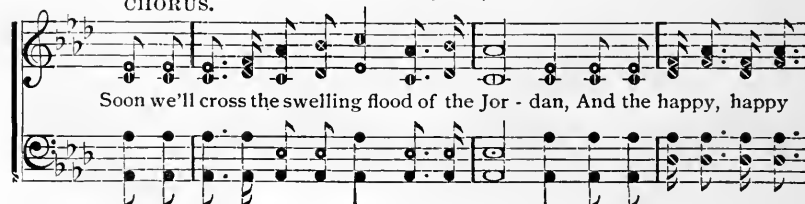


go - ing home to Je - sus, Who redeemed us with his blood, Hal - le -
 millions it has anchored, And will an - chor millions more, In the
 robes that he has brought us, — Precious garments of his grace, — We shall

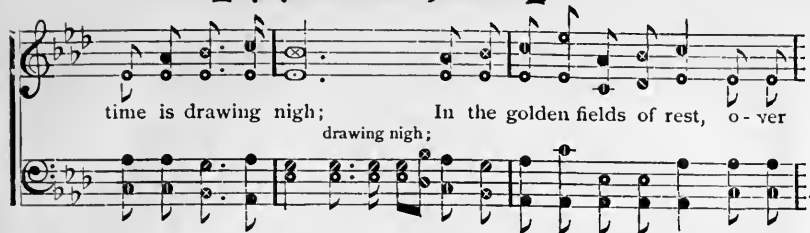


lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Soon we'll cross the swell - ing flood.
 port of life e - ter - nal, On the bright, ce - les - tial shore.
 see him in his glo - ry, And be - hold him face to face.

CHORUS.



Soon we'll cross the swelling flood of the Jor - dan, And the happy, happy



time is drawing nigh; In the golden fields of rest, o-ver
drawing nigh;



Jor-dan, We shall gath-er, we shall gath-er by and by.

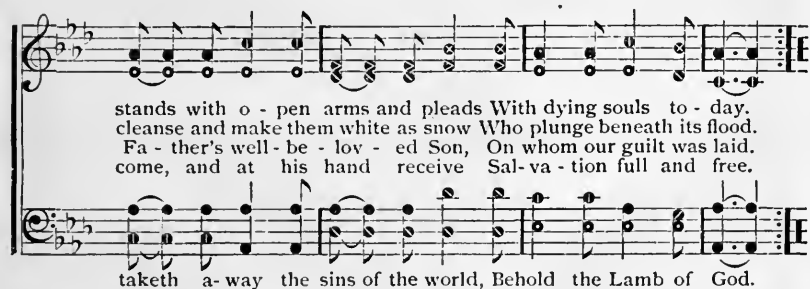
Behold the Lamb of God.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.



1. Be-hold the Lamb of God, Who takes our sins a-way! He
2. Be-hold the Lamb of God, Whose all-a-ton-ing blood Will
3. Be-hold the Lamb of God! Despised, reproached, betrayed; The
4. Be-hold the Lamb of God, Who died for you and me! Oh,
Cho.—Be-hold the Lamb of God! Be-hold the Lamb of God, That



stands with o-pen arms and pleads With dying souls to-day.
cleanse and make them white as snow Who plunge beneath its flood.
Fa-ther's well-lov-ed Son, On whom our guilt was laid.
come, and at his hand receive Sal-va-tion full and free.
taketh a-way the sins of the world, Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Behold the Lamb of God!
From earth's foundation slain,
That we, if faithful unto death,
With him might live and reign.

6 Behold the Lamb of God,
Whom now by faith we see;
Oh, tell the wonders of his grace.
And shout redemption free.

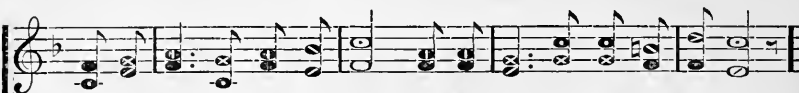
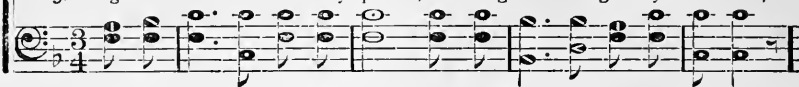
Dayspring.

ENGLISH.

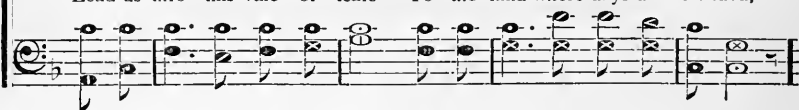
T. C. O'KANE.



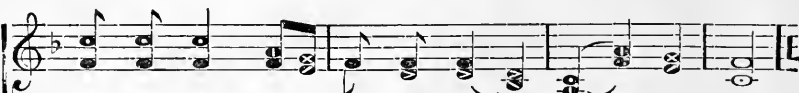
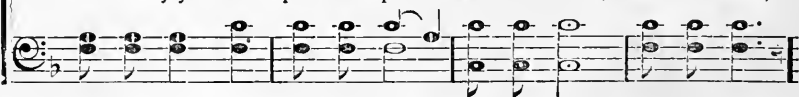
1. Come, thou "Bright and Morning Star," Light of lights, without be - ginning,
2. As the soft re - freshing dew Falls on drooping herb and flower,
3. Let thy love's pure fire de - stroy All our earth - ly taint and leaven.
4. Ah! thou dayspring from on high, Grant that at thy next ap - pearing,
5. Light us to those heavenly spheres, Sun of grace in glo - ry shrouded;



Shine up - on us from a - far, That we may be kept from sin - ning;
 Let thy Spir - it shed a - new Life on ev' - ry wearied pow - er;
 Kindling love and ho - ly joy With the dawning east - ern heav - en;
 We who in the grave do lie May a - rise, thy summons hearing,
 Lead us thro' this vale of tears To the land where days un - clouded,



Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night, our dark night;
 Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more, ev - er - more;
 Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set, life has set;
 And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife, far from strife;
 Pur - est joy and per - fect peace Nev - er cease, nev - er cease;



Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night.
 Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more.
 Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set.
 And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife.
 Pur - est joy and per - fect peace Nev - er cease.



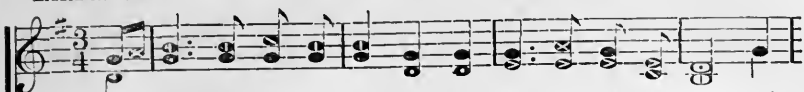
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

He Waits to Answer Prayer.


45

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

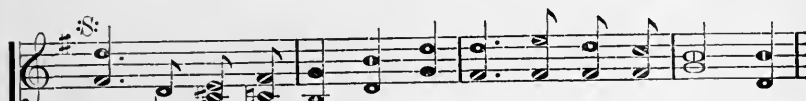
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. In Christian love u - ni - ted A - gain we meet to pray, And
 2. And while we kneel to - geth - er, As one, around his throne, To
 3. If here the precious moments That with the Lord we spend Are



tell the wondrous deal - ings Of God from day to day, Now
 tell him all our sor - rows, And make our wish - es known, Let
 but the dis - tant gleamings Of joy that ne'er shall end, If



may his Ho - ly Spir - it Descend in migh - ty power, Re -
 ev' - ry thought be earn - est, And ev' - ry heart be - lieve That
 now our faith can waft us To Pis - gah's mountain height, Oh,

D.S.—leave the world be - hind us, For - get its ev' - ry care, Look

Fine. CHORUS.



vive his work with - in us, And con - secrate this hour. Oh,
 each re - quest we of - fer An an - swer will re - ceive. *D.S.*
 what will be our rap - ture When faith 'is lost in sight.

up, look up to Je - sus,—He waits to an - swer prayer.

O Bless the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Psalm ciii.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless the Lord, our souls, and all within; O bless the Lord, who pardons ev'ry sin;
2. O bless the Lord, ye worlds beyond the sky; Break forth, ye depths, let rocks and hills reply;

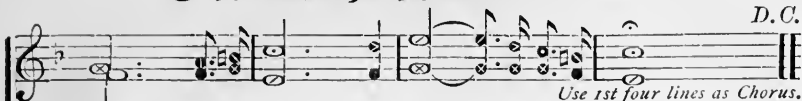
Fine.

Give thanks to him with ev'ry fleeting breath; Give thanks to him who triumphed over death;
Praise him, ye stars that saw creation's birth, Whose music hailed the pure and shining earth.

O bless the Lord, ye an - gels round his throne,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, ye angels round his throne,
O bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,

Who do his will and make his wonders known;
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, and make his wonders known;
And let his love re - sound from shore to shore;
Let his love, let his love, let his love resound from shore to shore;

Strike, strike your harps, ye ran - somed host above,
Strike your harps, strike your harps, strike your harps, ye ransomed host above,
O bless the Lord Je - ho - vah, King of kings,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord Je - hovah, King of kings,

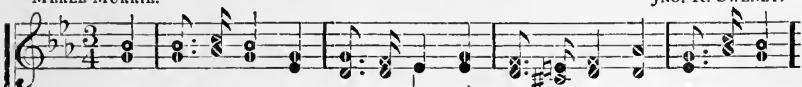


With rapture sing, and shout redeeming love.
 Strike your harps, strike your harps, and shout redeeming love, redeeming love.
 Who guards his own be - neath his mighty wings.
 Guards his own, guards his own beneath his mighty wings, his mighty wings.

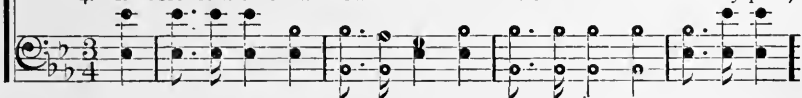
I Come to Thee.

MERLE MURRIE.

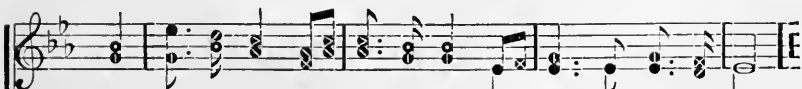
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Just as a lit - tle tired child Seeks rest up - on its mother's knee,
 2. From all my worldly cares, my sins, How tempted am I oft to flee;
 3. For if thou dost not take a - way The sting, the pain, the mis - er - y,
 4. If best for me—thou knowest best—I know that thou wilt hear my plea,



Worn out with care and striv - ing oft, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
 So with the griev - ous, hea - vy load, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
 Thou yet wilt help me bear them all, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
 Wilt bear my bur - dens, give me rest; Dear Lord, I come to thee:



Worn out with care and striv - ing oft, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
 So with the grievous, hea - vy load, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
 Thou yet wilt help me bear them all, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
 Wilt bear my bur - dens, give me rest; Dear Lord, I come to thee.



Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
 2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
 3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
 4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In his cross my trust shall be,

But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
 Then throughout my pil - grim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

O the height and depth of mer - cy, O the length and breadth of love.

O the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove.

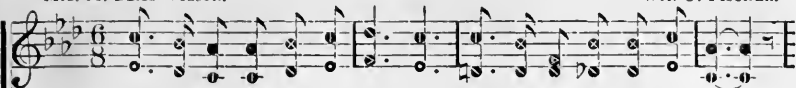
What of the Future?

49

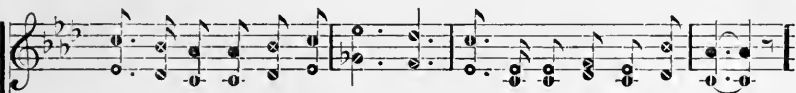
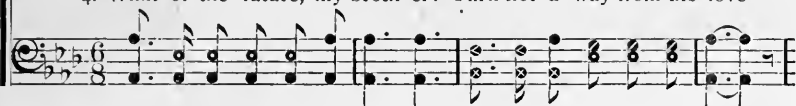
I asked a dear one, "What of the future?" He replied, "It is all dark."—M. B. W.

Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson.

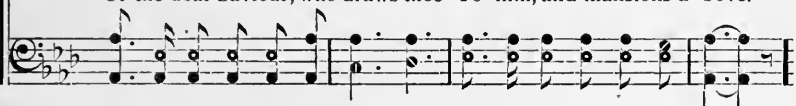
WM. G. FISCHER.



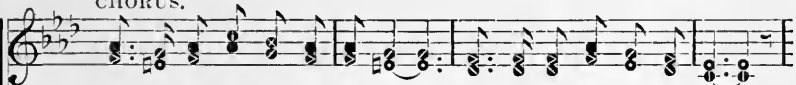
1. What of the future, my broth-er,— Af- ter this world and its strife?
2. What of the future, my broth-er? Can you not see thro' the gloom
3. What of the future, my broth-er? Get thyself read-y to - night,
4. What of the future, my broth-er? Turn not a- way from the love



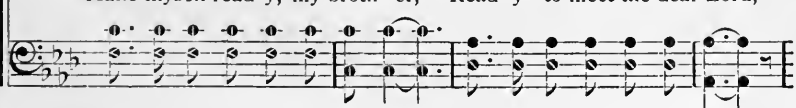
Is there no light for thee yon - der, Bright'ning the on-coming life?
 Veil- ing the pathway be- fore you? Is it all dark in the tomb?
 Fear- ing that God's Holy Spir - it, Griev- ed and sad, takes his flight.
 Of the dear Saviour, who draws thee To him, and mansions a- bove.



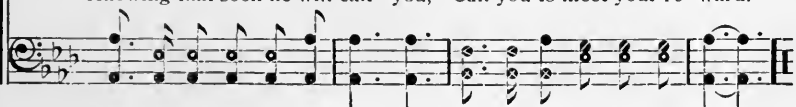
CHORUS.



Make thyself read-y, my broth- er, Read-y to meet the dear Lord,



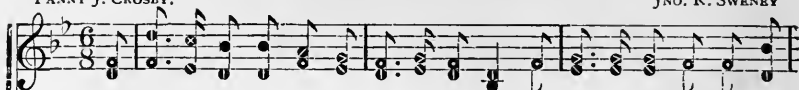
Knowing that soon he will call you,—Call you to meet your re- ward.



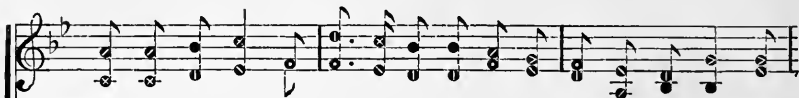
Pray for them Now.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

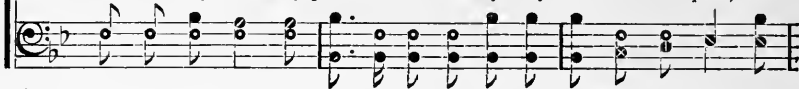
JNO. R. SWENEY



1. O pray for the wretched and perishing souls, That firm in his fetters the
2. O pray for the mothers now weeping alone, Their poor hearts are broken, how
3. O pray for the millions that love not the Lord, And heed not the message that
4. O pray that the Spir-it on sinners may fall, That those who are vilest the



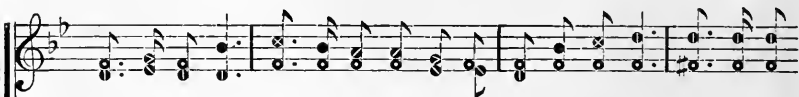
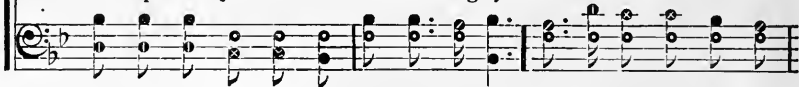
tempt-er controls, O pray that Je-ho-vah his arm will make bare, And
 sad-ly they moan; For those who in childhood so fond-ly they reared, A-
 comes from his word, O pray without ceasing that work may be done, Yes,
 loud-est may call, May plead for the mer-cy they dared to de-spise, And



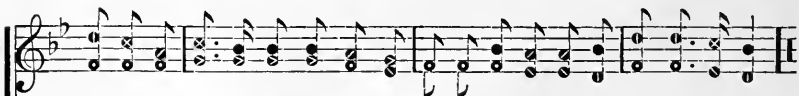
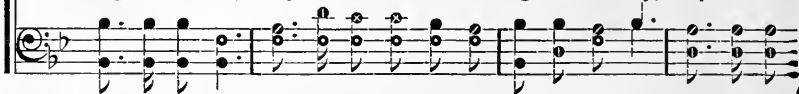
CHORUS.



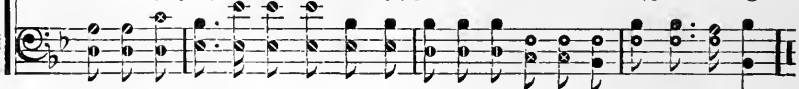
snatch them from ru-in, from wreck and despair. Pray for them now, lest they
 las! by the wine cup are blighted and seared!
 work in the name of the Cru-ci-fied One,
 lift up to Je-sus their tear streaming eyes.



languish and die, Pray for them now with an ag-o-nized cry, Pray for them



earnest-ly, pray for them tender-ly; Je-sus has died for them, Jesus is nigh

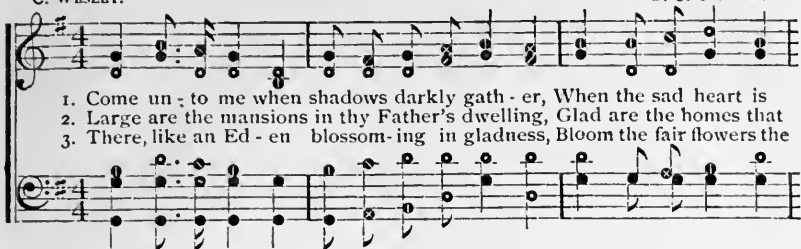


I will give you Rest.

51

C. WESLEY.

T. C. O'KANE.

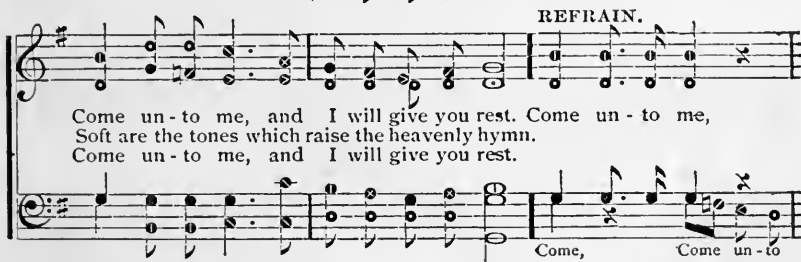


1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
3. There, like an Ed - en blossom - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers the

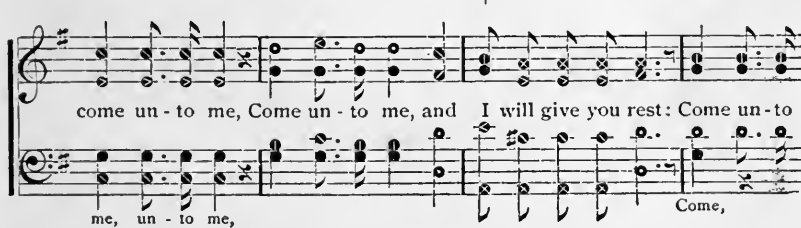


wea - ry and distressed, Seeking for com - fort from your heavenly Father,
sorrows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing,
earth too rudely pressed; Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

REFRAIN.



Come un - to me, and I will give you rest. Come un - to me,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.



Come,
Come un - to
come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest: Come un - to
me, un - to me, Come,



me, come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
Come un - to me, un - to me,

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free--
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee;

Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

mf E - ven me, *p* Yes, e - ven me, *mf* e - ven me, *p* yes, e - ven me,—

Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

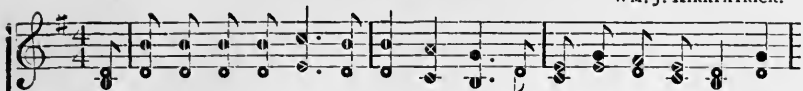
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou can'st make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,—
 Even me, even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,—
 Even me, even me, etc.

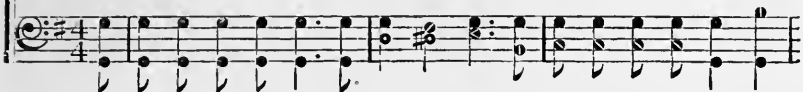
No Night in Heaven.

53

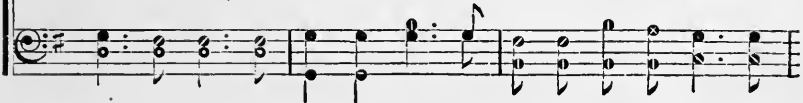
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. No night shall be in heav'n; no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape
2. No night shall be in heav'n; for-bid to sleep, These eyes no more their mournful
3. No night shall be in heav'n, but endless noon; No fast de-clining sun, no
4. No night shall be in heav'n; no darkened room, No bed of death, nor silence



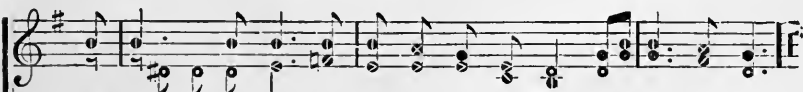
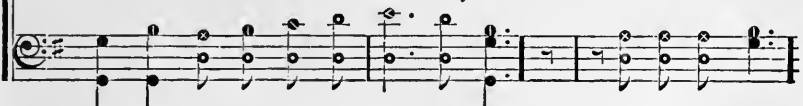
ev - er come; No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs That
vig - ils keep; Their fountains dried, their tears all wash'd away, They
wan - ing moon; But there the Lamb shall yield per - pet - ual light, 'Mid
of the tomb, But breez - es ev - er fresh with love and truth Shall



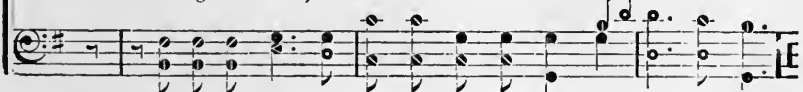
CHORUS.



breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bowers. No night in heaven,
gaze un - dazzled on e - ter - nal day.
pastures green and wa - ters ev - er bright.
brace the frame with an im - mor - tal youth. No night in heaven,



No night in heaven, But all is joy and light,—No night in heaven.
No night in heaven,



Freely for Me.

J. P. H.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thou Lamb of God, On thee my sins were laid,
 2. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thy blood a - lone Can for the sinner's guilt
 3. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thy grace to me Fills all my soul with peace,
 4. Je - sus my Sav - iour, bought with thy blood, Living, my life is thine,

a mighty load, Now with a joy - ful heart by faith I see Thy precious
 ful - ly a - tone; This my redemption price, gladly I see Thy precious
 boundless and free, This is my steadfast hope, clearly I see Thy precious
 hid - den with God; Dy - ing, to thee I'll fly, ev - er to see Thy precious

REFRAIN.

blood was shed free - ly for me. Free - ly for me, free - ly for me,

Thy precious blood was shed free - ly for me: Free - ly for me,

free - ly for me, Thy precious blood was shed free - ly for me.

Sin No More.

55

C. C. McCABE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When did ev - er words so ten - der Fall on mor - tal ears be - fore,
 2. Je - sus spake, and then the pow - er Of his great sal - va - tion came;
 3. "I will know the way thou tak - est Till thou stand on Canaan's shore;

As the bless - ed words of Je - sus,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 All the bonds of sin were broken: Glo - ry! glo - ry! to his name.
 Nev - er, nev - er will I leave thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."

Pardoned! oh, that word of rap - ture! As I knelt at Mercy's door,
 "Rise, forgiven, O child of sor - row; Rise, for lo! thy light hath come;
 "From the world I will not take thee Till the bat - tle strife is o'er;"

Burdened with my sin and sor - row,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 Put thy beauteous garments on thee; Take thy staff, and journey home."
 From its e - vil I will keep thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."

4 O the fight! I've learned to love it,
 For the victory is mine;
 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Triumphant in love divine.
 O the dawn of heaven's glory!
 O the day that has no night!
 O the sun that finds no zenith!
 O the host in raiment bright!

5 O, the King who dwells among them
 In his beauty I shall see;
 Heav'n shall ring with loud hosannas
 Unto him who died for me.
 But, 'mid all the joys of heaven,
 I will ne'er forget the hour
 When my Saviour said, "Forgiven!
 Go thy way, and sin no more."

1. There's a bright land of promise for the chil-dren of light, Just a-
 2. There's a song in that land, 'tis an old, rapturous song, It is
 3. Our King all vic - to - rious has cast up a way Of

cross Jordan's dark roll-ing flood, With its mansions e - ter - nal and its
 fill - ing all time with its strain; As it vi - brates for - ev - er through-
 life to that ev - er-green shore; Thro' which he is lead - ing the

CHORUS.

great tree of life, " 'Tis the home of the ransomed of God." Our King has gone
 out all the throng, Singing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."
 righteous, and they Will reign with him there ev-ermore.

o-ver and purchased the land, Yes, Jesus has cross'd the dark flood, And

holds for us there the DEED in his hand, And 'tis seal'd with his own precious blood.

The Child of a King.

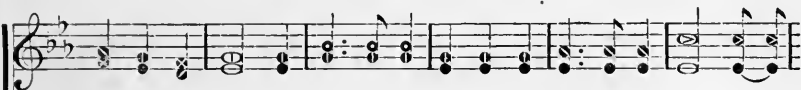
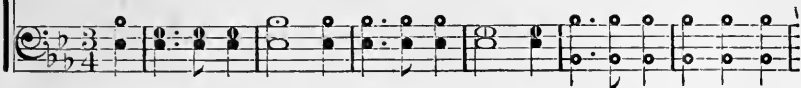
57

HATTIE E. BUELL.

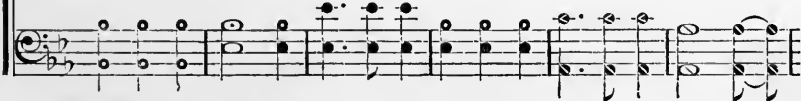
Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



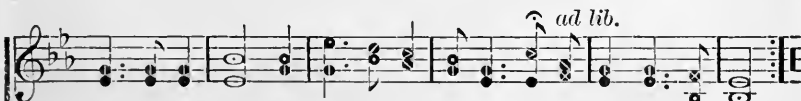
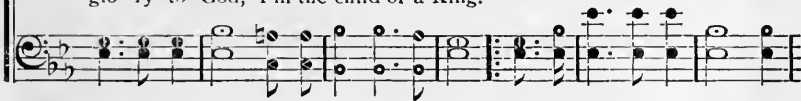
world in his hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of silver and gold His poorest of men, But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down, — An me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All



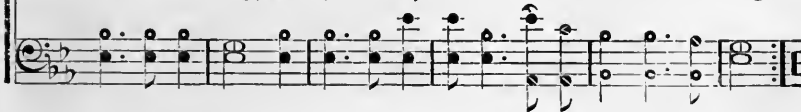
CHORUS.



cof - ers are full, — he has riches un - told. I'm the child of a King, The give me a home in heaven by and by. heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown. glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.



Behold the Bridegroom.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
 2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
 3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will

ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
 lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!
 all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
 chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

D.S.—Behold! he cometh!

Fine.
 be-hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
 he quick - ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
 he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
 lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

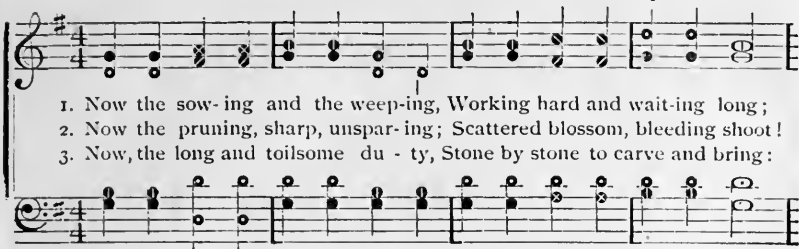
D.S.

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
 Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!

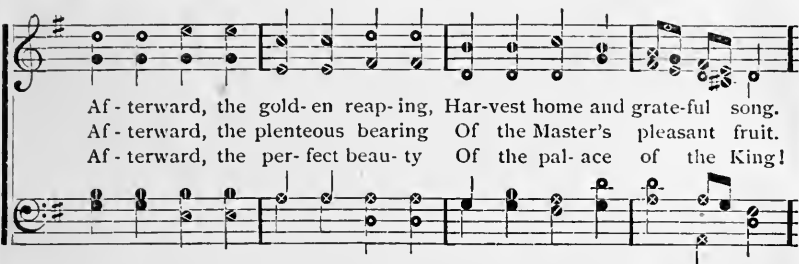
Now the Sowing and the Weeping. 59

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Now the sow-ing and the weep-ing, Working hard and wait-ing long;
 2. Now the pruning, sharp, unspar-ing; Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot!
 3. Now, the long and toilsome du-ty, Stone by stone to carve and bring:

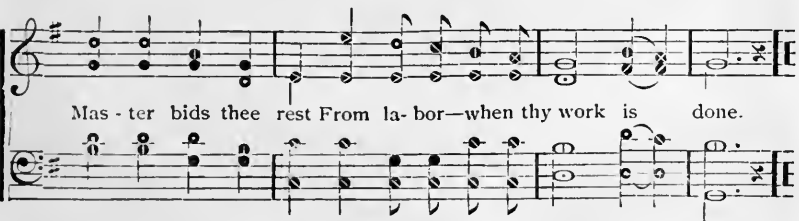


Af-terward, the gold-en reap-ing, Har-vest home and grate-ful song.
 Af-terward, the plenteous bearing Of the Master's pleasant fruit.
 Af-terward, the per-fect beau-ty Of the pal-ace of the King!

CHORUS.



Then work, work for Je-sus; Toil through the cloud or sun; Till the



Mas-ter bids thee rest From la-bor—when thy work is done.

4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
 Wounded heart, unequal strife;
 Afterward, the triumph given,
 And the victor-crown of life!

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
 Unexplained and tedious now;
 Afterward, the service holy,
 And the Master's "Enter thou!"

1. They are looking down up-on us from the bat-tlements of light, Happy
 2. They have conquered in the battle and the race they no-bly run, Of their
 3. They are looking down up-on us,—our beloved are looking down; We have
 4. They are watching, they are waiting, and the time will not be long Till we

souls now at home with Je - sus; In the blood of his atonement they have
 faith not a link is broken; Thro' the might of him that loved them life -
 friends in that roy - al ar - my; At the hand of their Redeemer they re -
 meet by the crystal riv - er, There to praise our Lord and Saviour in a

Fine.
 wash'd their garments white, And they rest with him in glo - ry ev - er - more.
 ternal they have won, And they rest with him in glo - ry ev - er - more.
 ceiv'd a starry crown, And they rest with him in glo - ry ev - er - more.
 nev - er - ending song, There to rest with him in glo - ry ev - er - more.

D.S.—Saviour calls us home, There to rest with him in glo - ry ev - er - more.

CHORUS

O-ver Jor - dan, o-ver Jor - dan, They have anchored, safely

D.S.
 anchored on the shore; (*on the shore;*) In their footprints we will follow till the

Always with us.

61

EDWIN H. NEVIN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. With us when we toil in sadness,—Sowing much and reaping none,—
2. With us when the storm is sweeping O'er our pathway dark and drear;
3. With us in the lone-ly val-ley, When we cross the chilling stream;

Telling us that in the fu-ture Gold-en harvests shall be won.
Waking hope with-in our bo-soms, Stilling ev-'ry anx-ious fear.
Lighting up the steps to glo-ry With sal-vation's ra-diant beam.


CHORUS.

"Lo, I'm with you, with you alway,"—Words of cheer, and words of love,—


Thus the ris-en Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place a-bove.

Softly fades the twilight ray.

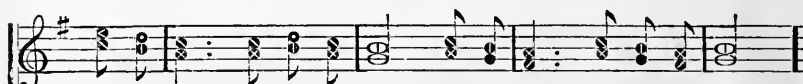
WM. CHURCH, JR.



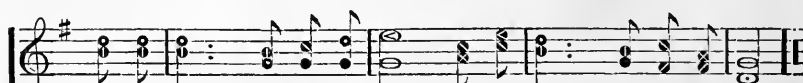
1. Soft-ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day;
 2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
 2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,



Gent-ly as life's setting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
 Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
 Symbol of the peace within When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Symbol of the peace within When the spir - it rests from sin.



Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
 Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,
 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,




All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - - ly Sabbath's close.
 All things tell of calm repose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
 Till in heaven our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.
 Till in heaven our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

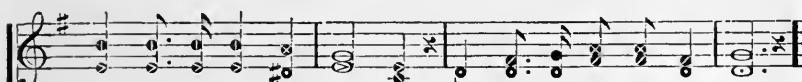
Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth.

63

T. C. O'KANE.




1. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth,
 2. "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir - it, "Come," saith the Holy Spir - it,
 3. Come, ev-'ry-one that hear-eth, Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth,
 4. Come, whoso - ev - er list - eth, Come, whoso - ev - er list - eth,




Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.
 "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir - it, Come to the wa-ter of life.
 Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.
 Come, who-so - ev - er list - eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.

CHORUS.



Come, for ev-'rything is read - y,— Je - sus is waiting; hear him call,



"Come and buy with-out mon - ey,"—"Je - sus paid it all."

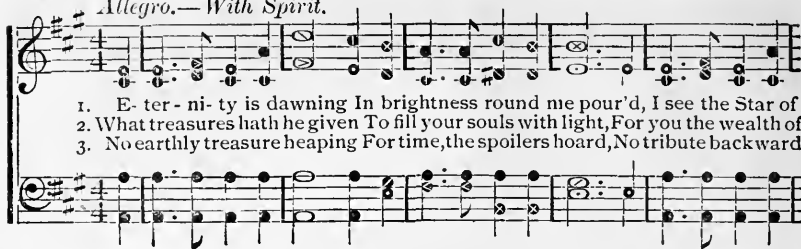
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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

"Fling down your Gold for Jesus."

Miss P. J. OWENS.

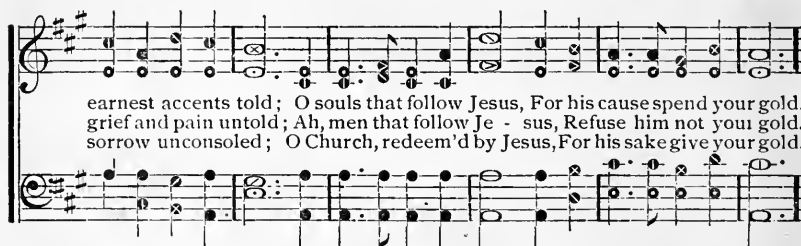
HARRY SANDERS.

Allegro.—With Spirit.


1. E-ter-ni-ty is dawning In brightness round me pour'd, I see the Star of
2. What treasures hath he given To fill your souls with light, For you the wealth of
3. No earthly treasure heaping For time, the spoilers hoard, No tribute backward

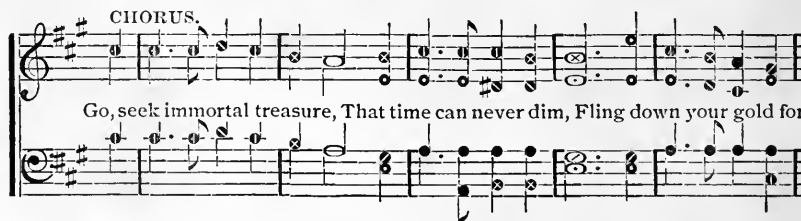


Morn-ing, My Je-sus! my Adored: Earth, take my latest warn-ing, In
heav-en Is stored in mansions bright; For you his heart was riven With
keep-ing, Thou ow-est to thy Lord; For heathen souls are weeping, In

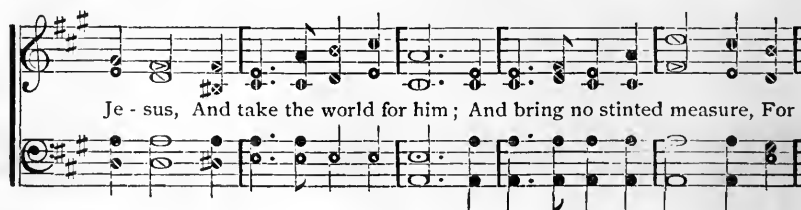


earnest accents told; O souls that follow Jesus, For his cause spend your gold.
grief and pain untold; Ah, men that follow Je-sus, Refuse him not your gold.
sorrow unconsol'd; O Church, redeem'd by Jesus, For his sake give your gold.

CHORUS.



Go, seek immortal treasure, That time can never dim, Fling down your gold for



Je-sus, And take the world for him; And bring no stinted measure, For

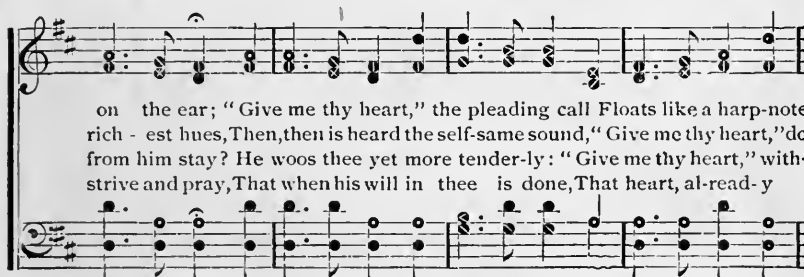
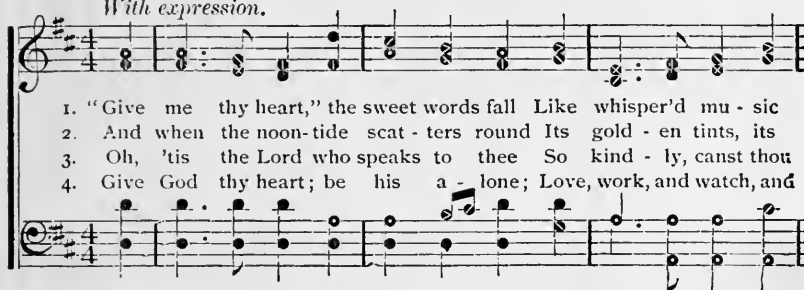


Give Me Thy Heart.

Mrs. B. A. PERRIGO.

H. SANDERS.

With expression.



Gathering Home.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. N. d'INTOSH.

1. Up to the bounti-ful Giver of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Safe in the arms of his infi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Nev-er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home!
 Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! God's children are gather-ing home.
 gath-er-ing home!

One by One.

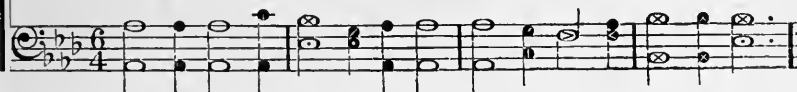
67

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

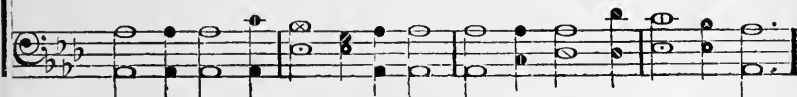
JNO. R. SWENEY.



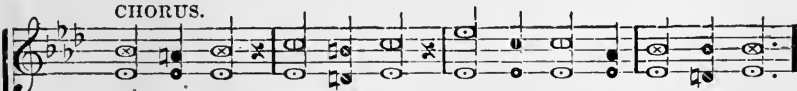
1. One by one, our loved ones slowly Pass beyond the bounds of time;
2. One by one, soon we shall gather, Not as we have gathered here—
3. One by one, our ranks are thinning, Thinning here but swelling there;
4. Good bye! hail! the fondly cherished, Tears and joy are ours to-day;



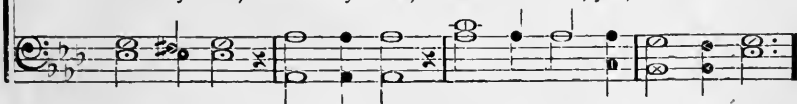
One by one, a-mong the ho-ly, Sing the vic-tor's song sublime.
Bowed and broken, but the rather, In e-ter-nal youth ap-pear.
One by one, bright crowns are winning, Crowns they shall forever wear.
Some have gone, and lo! the others Hast-en on the shortening way.



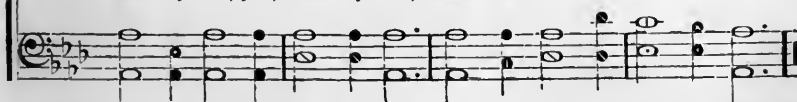
CHORUS.



One by one, one by one; We shall soon, yes, soon be there;



One by one, yes, one by one, We shall end-less glo-ry share.

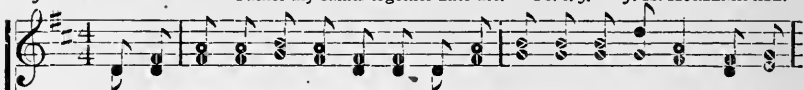


What a Gath'ring that will be.

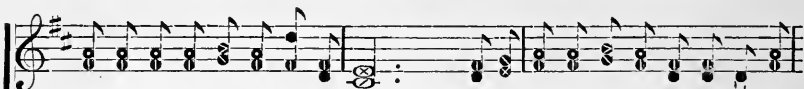
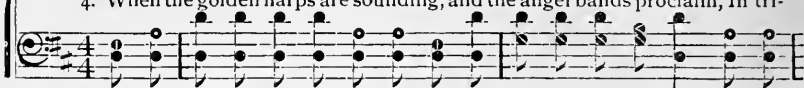
J. H. K.

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. 1. 5.

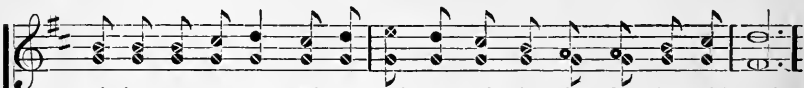
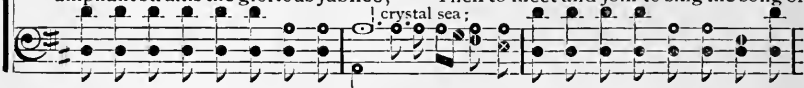
J. H. KURZENKABE.



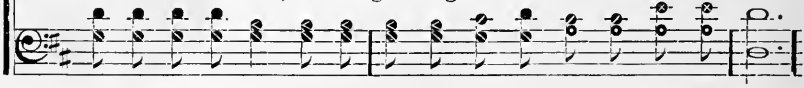
1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgement, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-



greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to- gether, on the
Lord in all his glo- ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of



wait- ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith- ful that will be! -
bright ce- lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith- ful that will be!
bless- ed, to my right, What a gath'ring of the faith- ful that will be!
Mos- es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith- ful that will be!



CHORUS.



What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,



sounding of the glorious ju- bi - lee! What a gath - - - 'ring,
ju- bi- lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the



gath - - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 dear ones meet each oth - er,

Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;
 2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust a - side thy grace;
 3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweetly in;

Matchless is thy lov - ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
 Yet, O boundless con - de - scension, Love is shin - ing from thy face.
 Sav - iour, let thy balm of healing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,

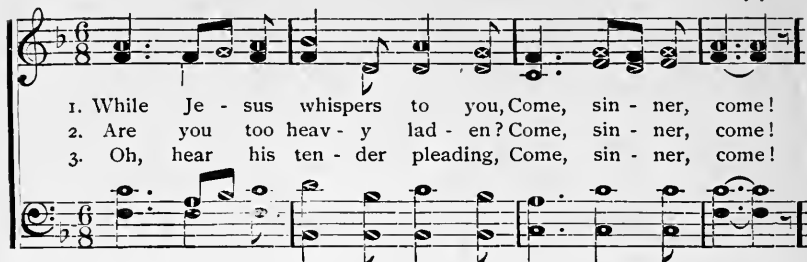
For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.

Come, Sinner, Come.

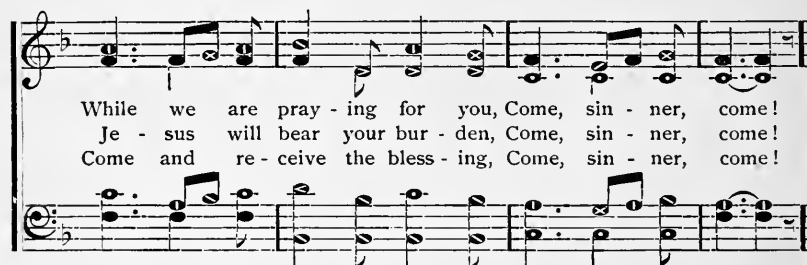
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."—Matt. xi. 28.

WILL. E. WITTER.

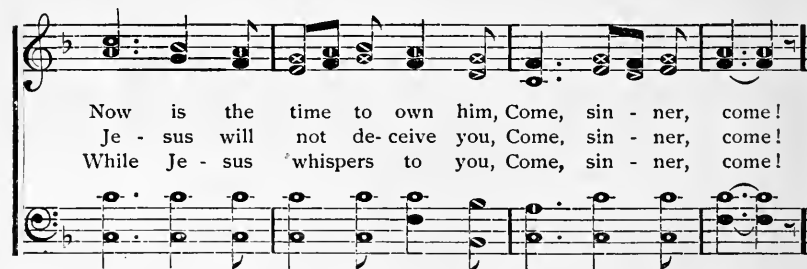
H. R. PALMER. By per.



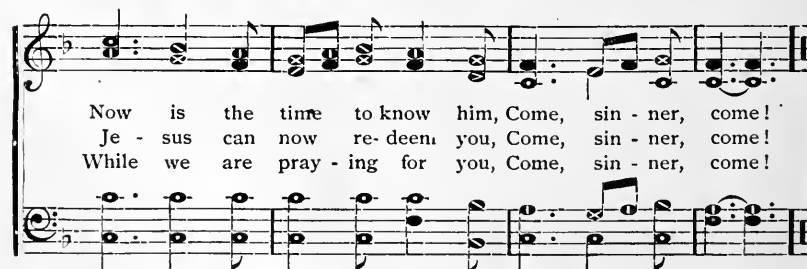
1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. Oh, hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come!



While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

Cleft for Me.

71

FANNY J. CROSBY.

'As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above the frowning storm:
 2. Of the springs that from thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
 3. Mighty Rock, the pilgrim's home, Re - fuge from the billow's foam,
 4. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chil - ly breath,

Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To thy shad - ow now I haste.
 Wea - ry, faint - ing, toil oppressed, In thy shad - ow let me rest.
 Rock, by countless millions blest, In thy shad - ow let me rest.
 Rock, where all my hopes a - bide, In thy shad - ow let me hide.

REFRAIN.

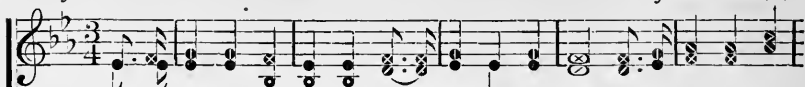
Un - to thee, un - to thee, Precious Sa - viour, now I flee;

"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."


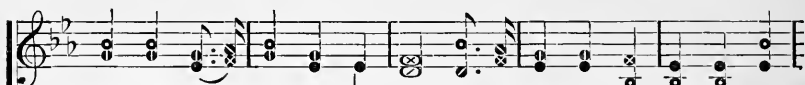
Wilt thou be made whole?

W. J. K.

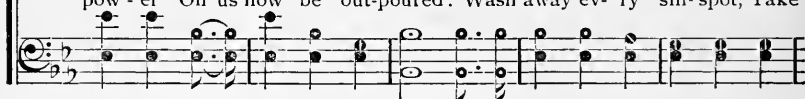
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Hear the foot-steps of Je-sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour, Whose mer-ci - ful call Freely off-ers sal-
 3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are
 4. Bless-ed Saviour, as-sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing

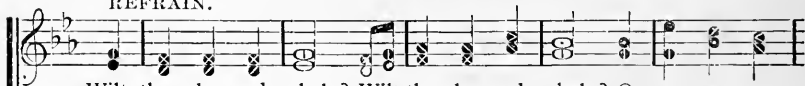
wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As he spake to the suff'rer Who
 va-tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each
 troubled Can you not en-ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To
 pow-er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take



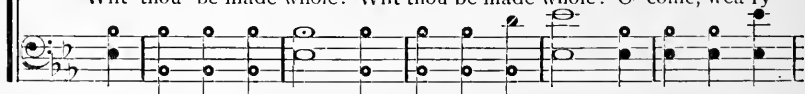


lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 sin tainted soul, And lov-ing-ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 strengthen your soul, He is earnest-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 per-fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."



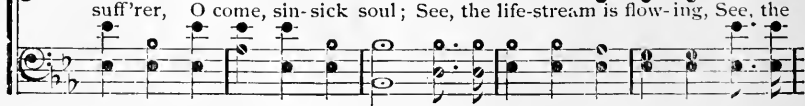
REFRAIN.



Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry

suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing, See, the



cleansing waves roll, Step in - to the cur - rent and thou shalt be whole.

Rejoice with me.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! The wand'ring one a - stray,
2. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! The dead's a - live a - gain;
3. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! With - in his fond em - brace
4. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! With robe and sig - net ring,

Re - pent - ant, seeks his fa - ther's face, With homeward steps to - day.
In ev - 'ry heart let joy a - bound, And song and glad - ness reign.
The fa - ther clasps his wand'ring son—The child of wondrous grace.
With o - pen arms and welcome kiss, And song and ban - quet - ing;

CHORUS.

Rejoice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound; Re-

joice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound.

Land of the Blessed.

Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { Oh! Land of the blessed, thy shadowless skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see: }
 I hear the glad songs that the glorified sing Steal over eterni- ty's sea. }
 2. { Oh! Land of the blessed, thy hills of delight Sometimes on my vision unfold; }
 Thy mansions celestial, thy pal- aces bright, Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold. }

Tho' dark are the shadows that gather between, I know that thy morning is fair;
 Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise, Dear eyes in thy sunlight are fair;

I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light, And whisper: would God I were there!
 I look from my valley of shadow below, And whisper: would God I were there!

CHORUS.

Oh! Saviour, prepare . . . My spirit to share . . . For- ev- er with

thee . those mansions fair.

3 Dear home of my Father, fair city, whose peace,
 No shadow of changing can mar!
 How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy,
 How blest thine inhabitants are!
 When weary with toiling, I think of the day—
 Who knows if its dawning be near?
 When he who hath loved me shall call me away
 From all that hath burdened me here.

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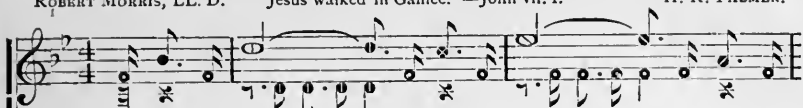
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Memories of Galilee.

75

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. "Jesus walked in Galilee."—John vii. 1.

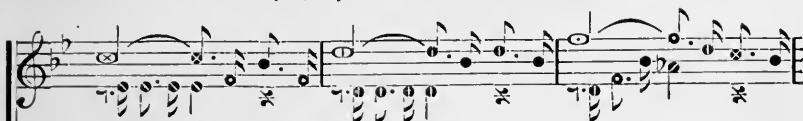
H. R. PALMER.



1. Each coo-ing dove
2. Each flowery glen
3. And when I read

and sighing bough,
and mossy dell,
the thrilling lore

That makes the
Where hap-py
Of him who

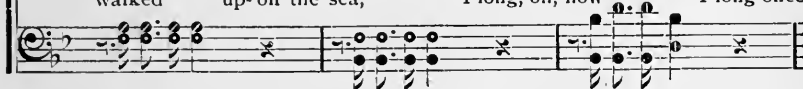


eve
birds
walked

so blest to me,
in song a - gree,
up-on the sea,

Has something far
Thro' sunny morn
I long, oh, how

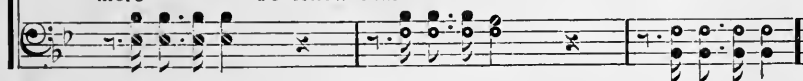
divin - er
the praises
I long once



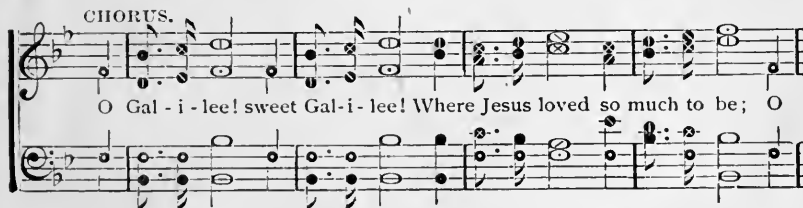
now,
tell
more

It bears me back
Of sights and sounds
To follow him

to Gal - i - lee.
in Gal - i - lee.
in Gal - i - lee.



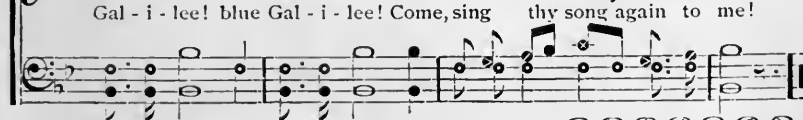
CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal-i- lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O



Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song again to me!



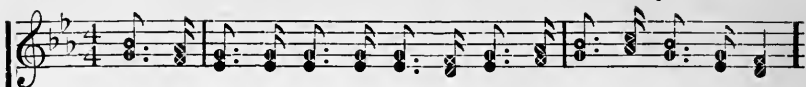
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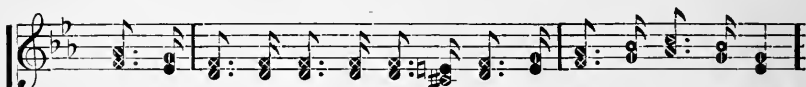
We Shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT.

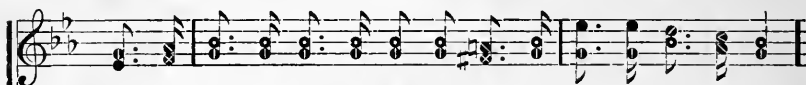
J. H. ANDERSON.



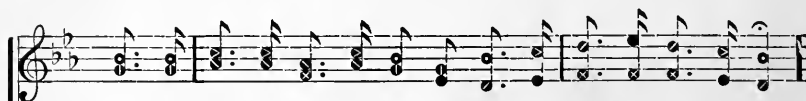
1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Fath-er knows his own,



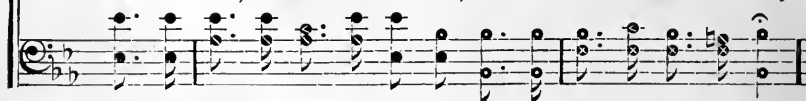
And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;



We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray,—
Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a-way,—
Love, beyond the o-rient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day,



We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared away.
When the wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared away.
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.



CHORUS.

We shall know . . as we are known, Never more . . to walk a-

We shall know as we are known, Never-more

lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the

to walk a - lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing,

mists . . have cleared away; In the dawn - - ing of the

When the mists have cleared away . In the dawning

morn - ing, When the mists . . . have cleared away.

When the mists have cleared a-way.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eves; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,

Take me as I am.

79

ANON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die;
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,
 5. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,

Fine.
 Oh, bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 But since to thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Oh, take me as I am!

D. S.—bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.
 Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

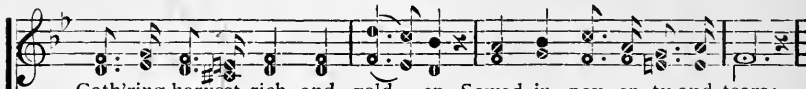
JUST AS I AM.

Tune and Chorus above.

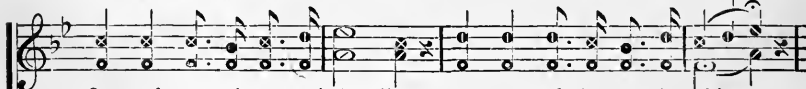
- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! | 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! |
| 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! [spot, | 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! |
| 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! | 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! |



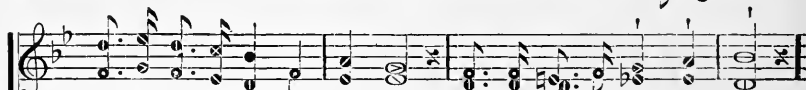
1. Church of God, whose conq'ring banners Float a-long the glorious years,
2. In your cost-ly tem-ples pray-ing, "Let thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo-ry he hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla-ces fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav-en, Wake thy sleeping children, Lord,



Gath'ring harvest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov-er-ty and tears:
 Are but words of i-dle mean-ing, If with these ye turn a-way;
 Scat-ter blessing now he bids you, O'er his green earth everywhere;
 Till the measure full and e-even Has been rendered at thy word;



Onward press, the cross is bending Far toward the morning skies,
 Boundless wealth to you is giv-en, From his hand who owns it all,
 Till the millions in the twi-light Of the far-off O-rient land,
 Then from out her night of sor-row Shall the earth redeemed arise.



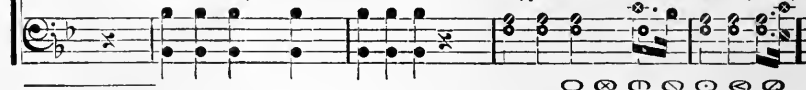
Speedy dawn of light portend-ing;—Church of God, a-wake, a-rise!
 And his eye beholds in heav-en What ye ren-der back for all.
 In the gracious morning splendor Of the gos-pel light shall stand.
 And the fair millen-nial mor-row Dawn with o-pal-tint-ed skies.



CHORUS.



Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
 Church of God, a-wake! a-rise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,



Send the Gos - pel's joy - ful sound Un-to earth's remot-est bound.
Oh, send the Gos - pel's joy-ful sound

Words arranged.

The happy Pilgrim.

By per.

1. I saw a hap - py pil - grim, In shin - ing garments clad,
He had no cares nor bur - dens, He'd laid them at the cross,

And trav-'ling up the mountain, His coun - tenance was glad;
The blood of Christ, his Sav-iour, Had wash'd him from all dross. }

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, Crowns of glory, Palms of vic-to-ry We shall wear.

2 The summer sun was sinking,
The sweat was on his brow;
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 I saw him in midsummer,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing all the day.
He found a store of honey
And wine upon the lees,
nd fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was branding low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance will come.

5 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!

My Shepherd.

Rev. JOSEPH H. MARTIN.

Ps. xxiii.

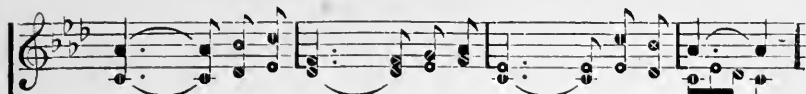
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The Lord . . . is my shep - - - herd, my keep - - er and
 2. Whenev - - - er I wan - - - der, and leave . . the true
 1. The Lord is my shepherd, my keeper and guide, The Lord is my shepherd, my
 2. Whenev - er I wan - der, and leave the true way, When - ev - er I wan - der, and

guide, . . . My wants . . . he'll sup - ply, . . . and for
 way, . . . And like . . . a lost sheep . . . from the
 keep - er and guide, My wants he'll supply, and for me he'll provide, My
 leave the true way, And like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray, And

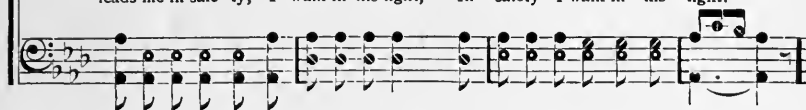
me . . . he'll pro - vide; . . . In midst . . of green
 flock . . . go a - stray; . . . My soul . . . he re -
 wants he'll sup - ply, and for me he'll provide; In midst of green pastures he
 like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray; My soul he restores to the

pas - - - - tures he makes - - me to lie, . . . Be -
 stores . . . to the path . . . that is right, . . . He
 makes me to lie, In midst of green pastures he makes me to lie, Be -
 path that is right, My soul he restores to the path that is right, He

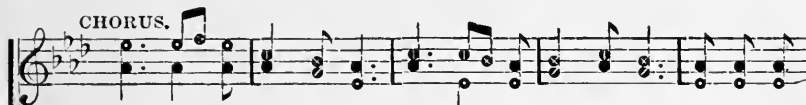


side . . the still wa - - ters that gen - - tly pass by. . .
leads . . me in safe - - ty, I walk - - in his light. .

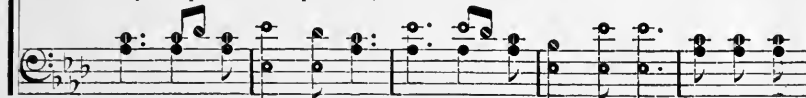
side the still waters that gently pass by, That gently, that gently pass by.
leads me in safe-ty, I walk in his light, In safety I walk in his light.



CHORUS.



My Shepherd will provide, what - ev - er may be-tide; I am se-



cure, For his promise is sure, The Lord will pro - vide.



- 3 When called to surrender my faltering breath,
And pass through the vale of the shadow of death,
The presence of Jesus will brighten the tomb,
With hope and with gladness dispelling its gloom.
With gladness dispelling its gloom.

- 4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;
And blessings unmeasured he pours on my head;
My cup with abundance and joy overflows;
He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.
He heals all my woes, all my woes.

- 5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my days,
My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and praise;
I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,
And sing evermore of his grace and his love.
And sing of his grace and his love.

I am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
 2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
 3. Free sal-va-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
 4. When at last the days are gathered In- to thy great judgment one,

I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dew.
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev-er Under thy pro- tecting eyes.
 Un-til each dis-eas-ed na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
 May I find my name deep written, In the re-cords of thy Son.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joice sal-va-tion came;

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved in Jesus' name.

Jesus Saves.

85

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

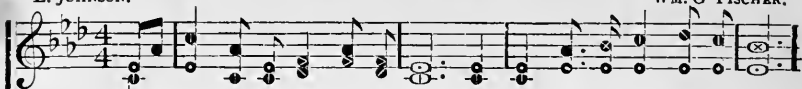
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

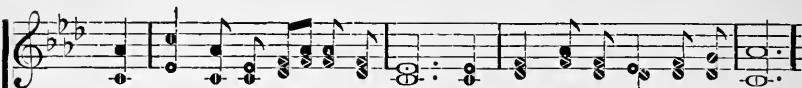
The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;



And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow - y vale.



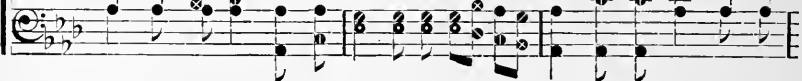
CHORUS.



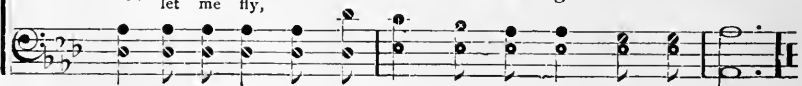
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the



Rock that is high - er than I: Oh, then, to the Rock let me
is high - er than I,



fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

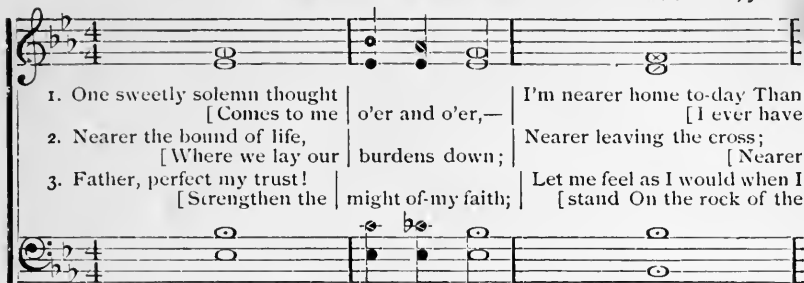


It reminds me of a funeral,

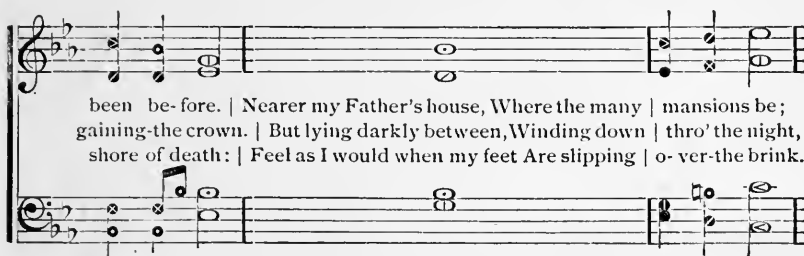
Nearer Home.

87

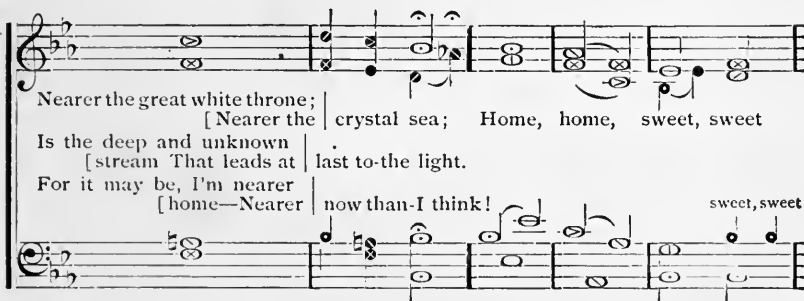
WM. CHURCH, Jr.



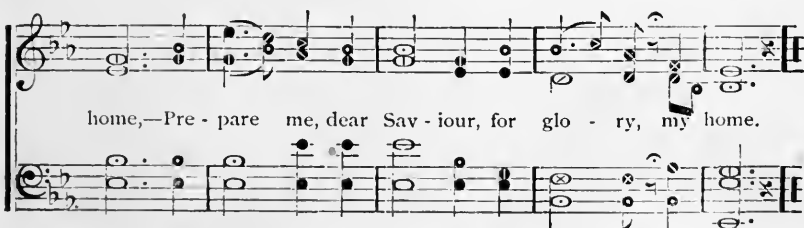
1. One sweetly solemn thought
[Comes to me o'er and o'er,— I'm nearer home to-day Than
2. Nearer the bound of life,
[Where we lay our burdens down; Nearer leaving the cross;
3. Father, perfect my trust!
[Strengthen the might of my faith; Let me feel as I would when I
[stand On the rock of the



been be-fore. | Nearer my Father's house, Where the many | mansions be;
gaining-the crown. | But lying darkly between, Winding down | thro' the night,
shore of death: | Feel as I would when my feet Are slipping | o-ver-the brink.



Nearer the great white throne;
[Nearer the crystal sea; Home, home, sweet, sweet
Is the deep and unknown
[stream That leads at last to-the light.
For it may be, I'm nearer
[home—Nearer now than-I think! sweet, sweet



home,—Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.

Tell it Out.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

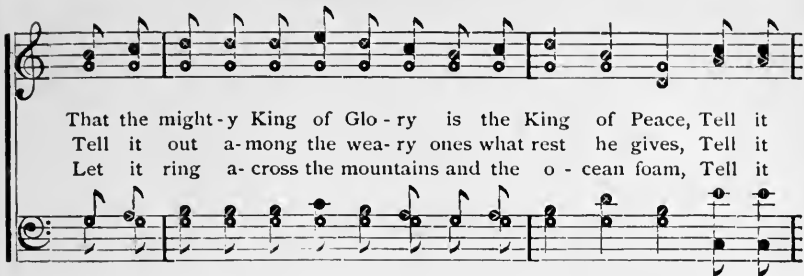
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tell it out a-mong the heathen that the Lord is King, Tell it
 2. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav - iour reigns, Tell it
 3. Tell it out a-mong the heathen, Je - sus reigns a - bove, Tell it

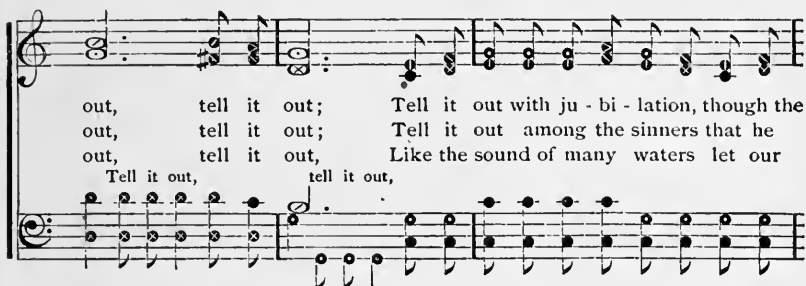
out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations, bid them
 out, tell it out, Tell it out among the heathen, bid them
 out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations that his
 Tell it out, tell it out,

shout and sing, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out with ad - o-
 burst their chains, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
 name is love, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
 Tell it out,

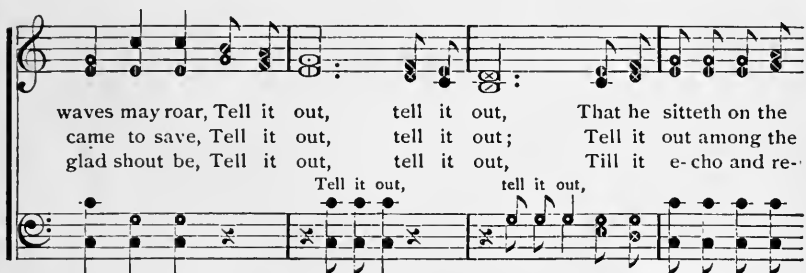
ration, that he shall increase, Tell it out, tell it out,
 weeping ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it out, tell it out,
 highways and the lanes at home, Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out, tell it out,



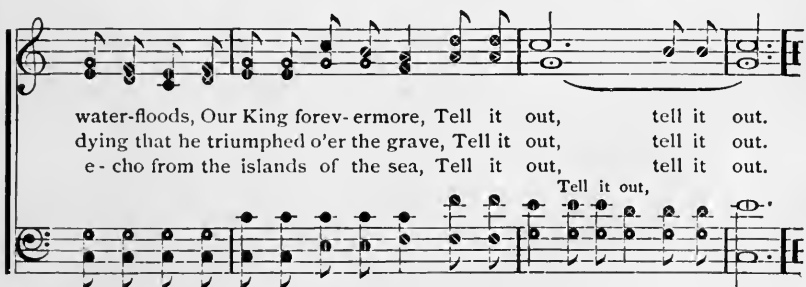
That the might-y King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace, Tell it
 Tell it out a-mong the wea-ry ones what rest he gives, Tell it
 Let it ring a- cross the mountains and the o - cean foam, Tell it



out, tell it out; Tell it out with ju - bi - lation, though the
 out, tell it out; Tell it out among the sinners that he
 out, tell it out, Like the sound of many waters let our
 Tell it out, tell it out,



waves may roar, Tell it out, tell it out, That he sitteth on the
 came to save, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
 glad shout be, Tell it out, tell it out, Till it e-cho and re-
 Tell it out, tell it out,



water-floods, Our King forev-ermore, Tell it out, tell it out.
 dying that he triumphed o'er the grave, Tell it out, tell it out.
 e - cho from the islands of the sea, Tell it out, tell it out.
 Tell it out,

Let me Cling to Thee.

Rev EDWIN H. NEVIN, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When the
 2. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my
 3. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my
 4. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When I'm



winds are blowing, When the tears are flowing, O, let me cling to thee!
 friends are leaving, When my heart is grieving, O, let me cling to thee!
 sins are pressing, And my soul distress-ing, O, let me cling to thee!
 weak and wea-ry, And my path is dreary, O, let me cling to thee!

REFRAIN.



Let me ev - er cling to thee, my Saviour, Let me



cling, Let me cling, O, Saviour, let me cling to thee! to thee.
 cling with faith in pray'r, And with hope amid despair,

5 O, let me cling to thee,
 My Saviour,
 Let me cling to thee!
 When the cloud is o'er me,
 And the storm before me,
 O, let me cling to thee!

6 O, let me cling to thee,
 My Saviour,
 Let me cling to thee!
 When I cross the river,
 Which from earth doth sever,
 O, let me cling to thee!

Come unto Me.

91

J. P. MILLS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. "Come un - to me,"—in measured tones and slow, "Come unto me," how
2. "Come un - to me,"—the lips with mercy stream, "Come unto me,"—the
3. "Come un - to me," dear toiling ones, o - bey, "Come unto me," oh,

sweet the accents flow, "Come un - to me," oh, gen - tle voice di - vine!
 eyes with love-light beam; "Come unto me," the out-held hands implore,
 sinners, hear to - day! "Come un - to me,"—the welcome is to all.

CHORUS.

"Come un - to me," de - sire and love combine. Weary - lad-en souls, what-
 "Come un - to me," such words none spake before.
 "Come un - to me,"—'tis Jesus makes the call.

e'er your bur-den be, Seeking af - ter rest, Come un - to me,

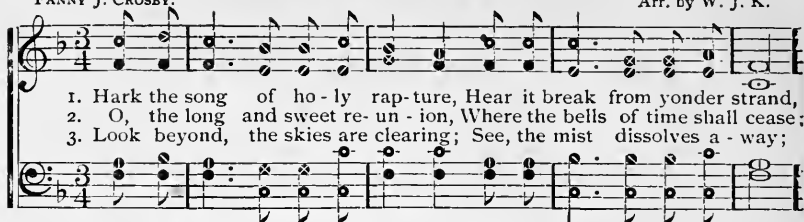
Come un-to me, come unto me, I will give you rest, whate'er your burdens be.

Home at Last.

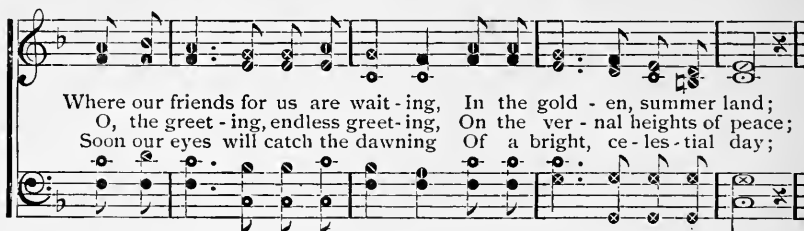
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Melody by M. LINDSAY.

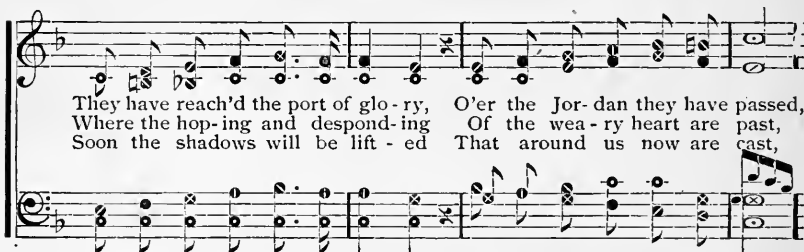
Arr. by W. J. K.



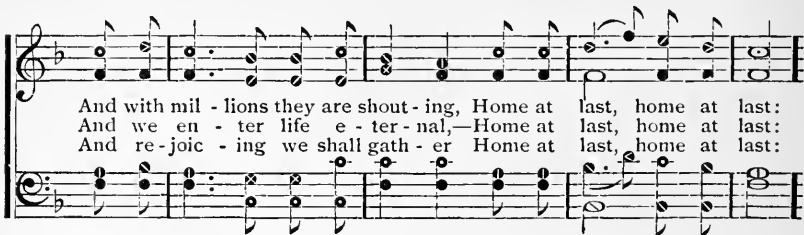
1. Hark the song of ho-ly rap-ture, Hear it break from yonder strand,
 2. O, the long and sweet re-un-ion, Where the bells of time shall cease;
 3. Look beyond, the skies are clearing; See, the mist dissolves a-way;



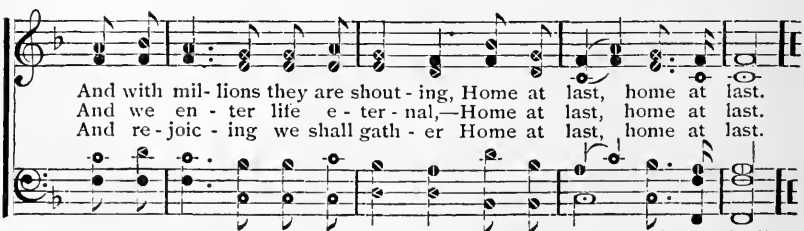
Where our friends for us are wait-ing, In the gold-en, summer land;
 O, the greet-ing, endless greet-ing, On the ver-nal heights of peace;
 Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright, ce-les-tial day;



They have reach'd the port of glo-ry, O'er the Jor-dan they have passed,
 Where the hop-ing and despond-ing Of the wea-ry heart are past,
 Soon the shadows will be lift-ed That around us now are cast,



And with mil-lions they are shout-ing, Home at last, home at last:
 And we en-ter life e-ter-nal,—Home at last, home at last:
 And re-joic-ing we shall gath-er Home at last, home at last:



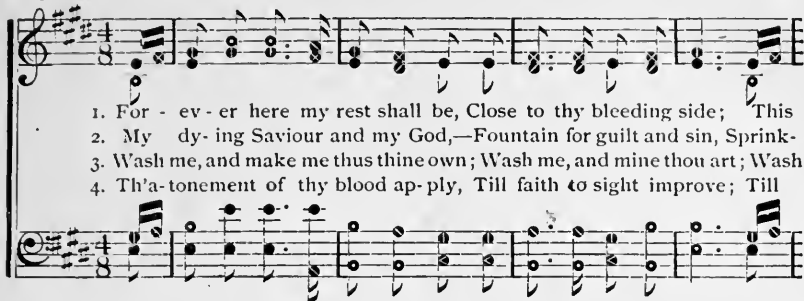
And with mil-lions they are shout-ing, Home at last, home at last.
 And we en-ter life e-ter-nal,—Home at last, home at last.
 And re-joic-ing we shall gath-er Home at last, home at last.

I will Trust in the Blood.

93

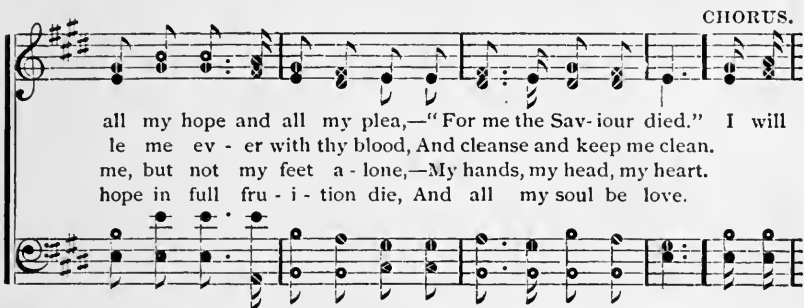
C. WESLEY.

J. C. O'KANE.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This
 2. My dy - ing Saviour and my God,—Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprink-
 3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash
 4. Th'a-tonement of thy blood ap- ply, Till faith to sight improve; Till

CHORUS.



all my hope and all my plea,—“For me the Sav- iour died.” I will
 le me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 me, but not my feet a - lone,—My hands, my head, my heart.
 hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.



trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb: I will



trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.
 I will trust,

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Arise and Shine.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Out of darkness in-to light Je - sus calls the sons of night,
 2. From this world's alluring snares, From its per-ils and its cares,
 3. From the van-i-ties of youth, In - to rest, and love, and truth,

Out of midnight in - to day Je - sus bids us come a - way.
 From its van - i - ty and strife, Je - sus beckons us to life.
 In - to joy that nev - er passes, Je - sus in his mer - cy calls.

CHORUS.

A-rise, a - rise, a-rise and shine; A-rise, a-
 A-rise, a-rise, a-rise and shine;

rise, thy light is come; Arise and shine, thy light is
 Arise, arise, thy light is come; Arise and shine,

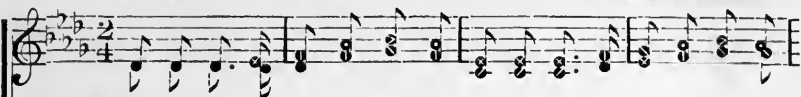
come, The glo-ry of the Lord is risen up-on our gloom.
 thy light is come,

By permission.

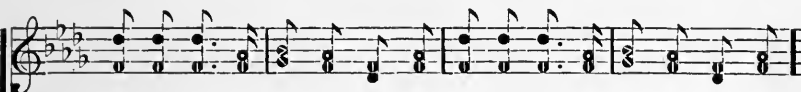
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

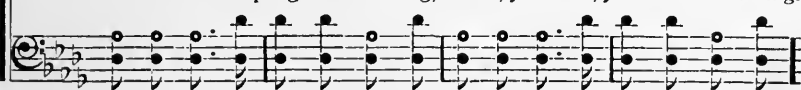
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking,
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour, Pardon'd sin and purchased favor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, his chariot wheels are rumbling,
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly,



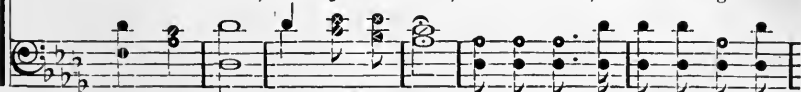
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's return-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto-ry.
Tell, O, tell of grace abound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her latest pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.



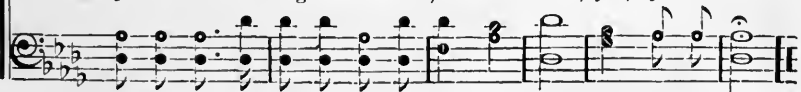
REFRAIN.



Lo! he comes, lo! Jesus comes; Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious!



Je-sus comes to reign victo-rious, Lo! he comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

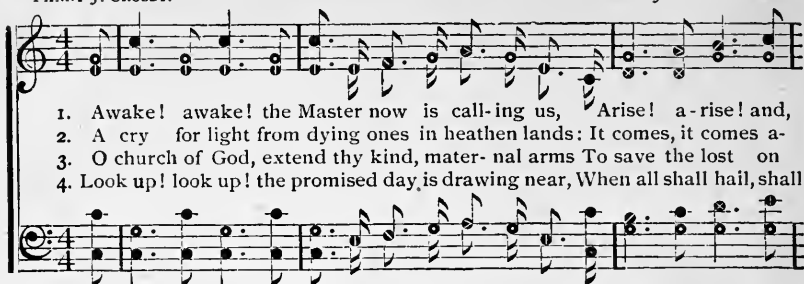


- 5 Lamb of God!—thou meek and lowly,
Judah's Lion!—high and holy,
Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet thee,
All in blood-washed robes to greet thee,
- 6 Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading,
Now for you he's interceding;
Haste, ere grace and time diminished
Shall proclaim the mystery finished.

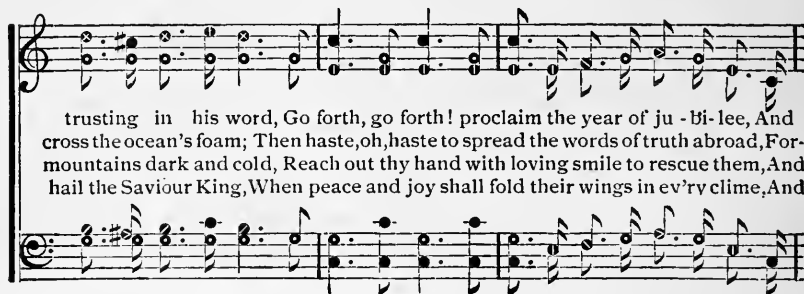
Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

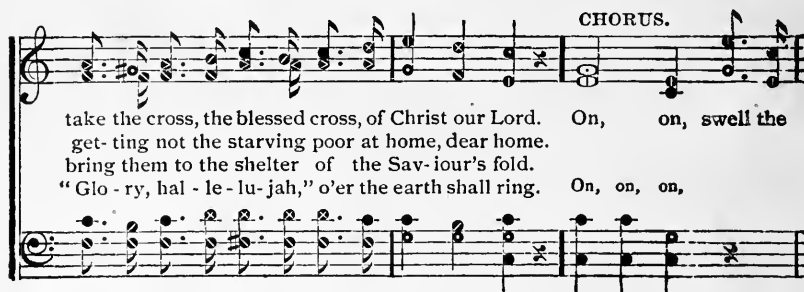
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Awake! awake! the Master now is call-ing us, Arise! a-rise! and,
 2. A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands; It comes, it comes a-
 3. O church of God, extend thy kind, mater- nal arms To save the lost on
 4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall

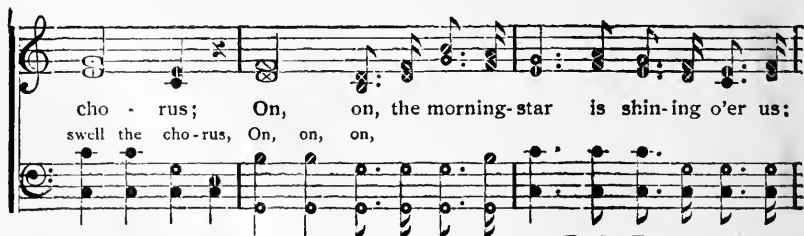


trusting in his word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee, And
 cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For-
 mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them, And
 hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And

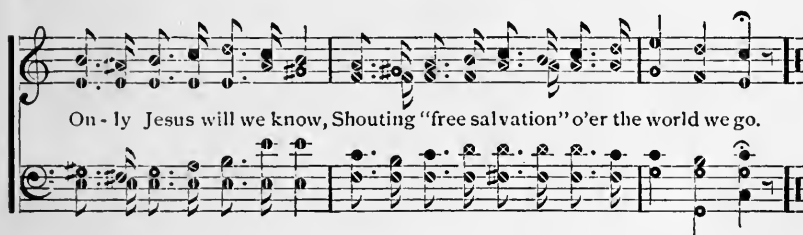
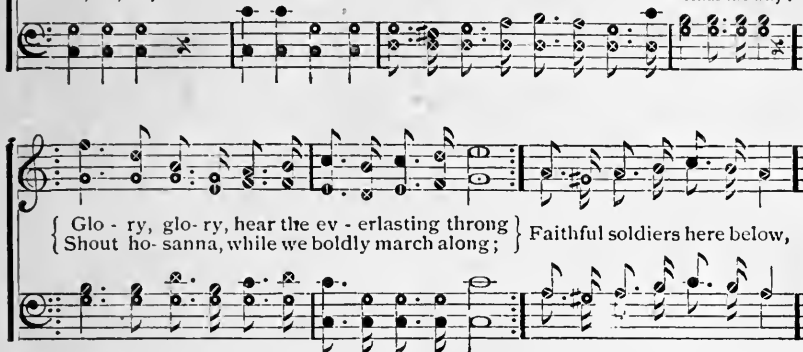
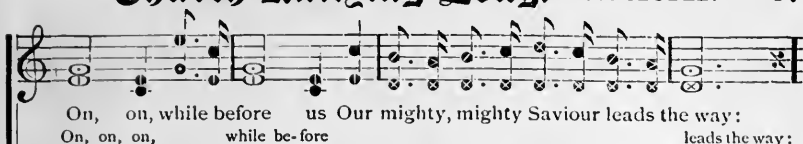


CHORUS.

take the cross, the blessed cross, of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
 get-ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
 bring them to the shelter of the Sav-iour's fold.
 "Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah," o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,



cho-rus; On, on, the morning-star is shin-ing o'er us;
 swell the cho-rus, On, on, on,



F. J. C.

Christmas Carol.—Awake! awake!

Tune above.

1 Awake! awake! our festive day is
dawning now,
Awake! awake! and hail its golden
light;
Rejoice! rejoice! behold the Sun of
Righteousness
Arising in its beauty o'er a long, long
night.

Cho.—Come, come, join the chorus,
Come, come, the angel hosts are bend-
ing o'er us;
Come, come, join the chorus,—
All glory be to God, to God above.
Oh, the rapture of the bright angelic
form,
Oh, the rapture while the anthem rolls
along.
Hark! the merry, merry bells,
Everywhere their music swells;

Hark! the merry chiming of the grand
old bells.

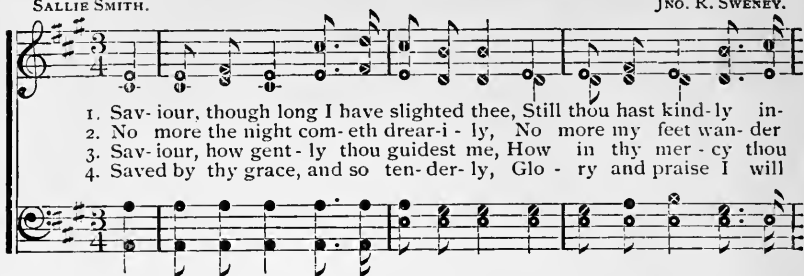
2 Good news, good news resounding o'er
the earth again,
Good news, good news: behold a Sav-
iour born;
Make room, make room in every heart
to welcome him,
And shout aloud, hosanna! on his birth-
day morn.

3 He comes, he comes, the captive's cruel
chain to break,
He comes, he comes to give his people
rest;
Break forth, break forth, his mighty,
mighty love proclaim;
In him shall every nation, every clime,
be blessed.

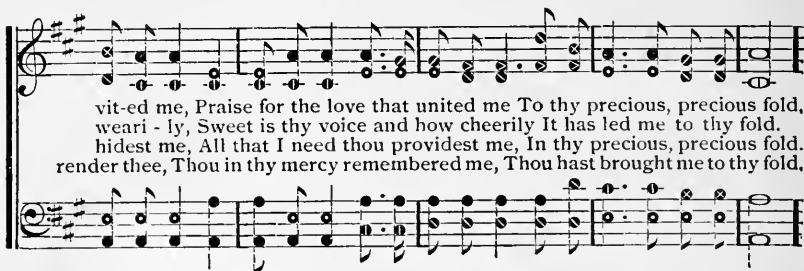
Thy precious, precious Fold.

SALLIE SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Sav-our, though long I have slighted thee, Still thou hast kind-ly in-
 2. No more the night com-eth drear-i-ly, No more my feet wan-der
 3. Sav-our, how gent-ly thou guidest me, How in thy mer-cy thou
 4. Saved by thy grace, and so ten-der-ly, Glo-ry and praise I will



vit-ed me, Praise for the love that united me To thy precious, precious fold,
 weari-ly, Sweet is thy voice and how cheerily It has led me to thy fold.
 hidest me, All that I need thou providest me, In thy precious, precious fold.
 render thee, Thou in thy mercy remembered me, Thou hast brought me to thy fold,

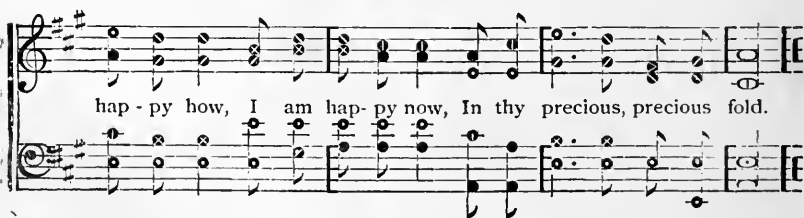
REFRAIN.



I am hap-py now, I am hap-py now, How my



heart is swell-ing, all his mer-cy tell-ing; I am



hap-py now, I am hap-py now, In thy precious, precious fold.

Joy cometh in the morning.


99

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—

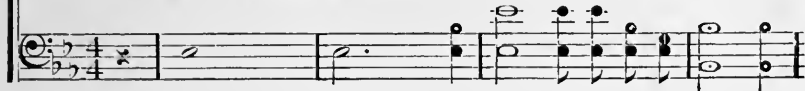

Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND.

Psalm xxx. 5.

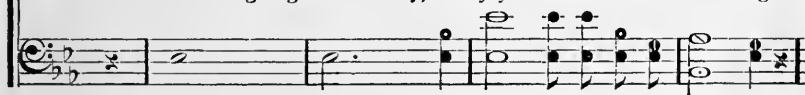
E. S. LORENZ



1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 2. Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 3. Let ev-'ry tear-ful eye be dry, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 4. Our God will wipe our tears away, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!


For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 And weeping mourners, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 And ev-'ry trembling sinner hope, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 Sor-row and sighing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!



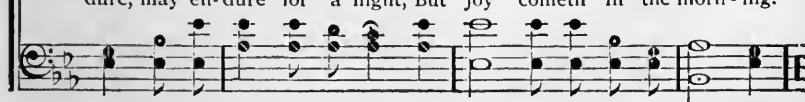
CHORUS.



Joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may en-

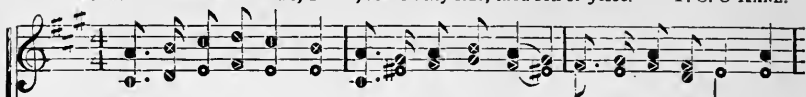
dure, may en-dure for a night, But joy cometh in the morn-ing.



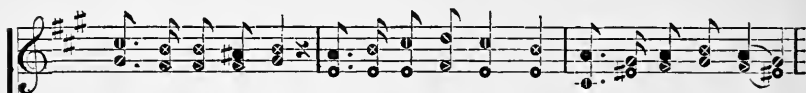
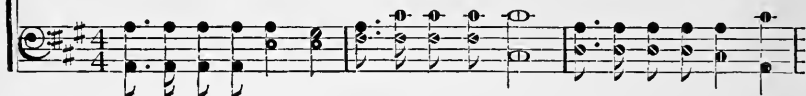
On the Lord's Side.

HAVERGAL.

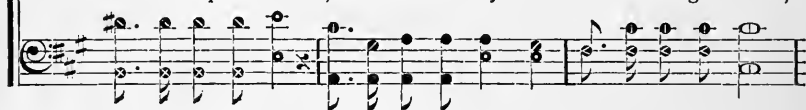
"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." T. C. O'KANE.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his helpers,
2. Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the arm-y
3. Cho-sen to be soldiers In an alien land, "Chosen, called, and faithful,



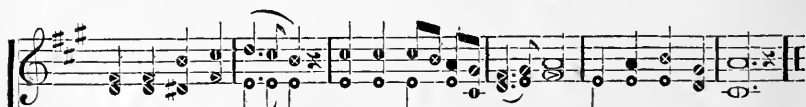
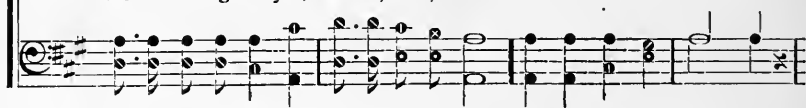
Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the warrior-psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom he died,
 "For our Captain's band; In the service roy - al Let us not grow cold;



CHORUS.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go? Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing,
 He whom Je-sus nameth Must be on his side.
 Let us be right loyal, Noble, true, and bold.



By thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are thine.
 thy grace divine,

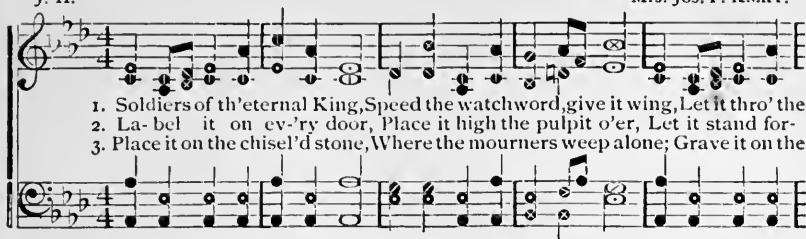


Soldiers of th' Eternal King.

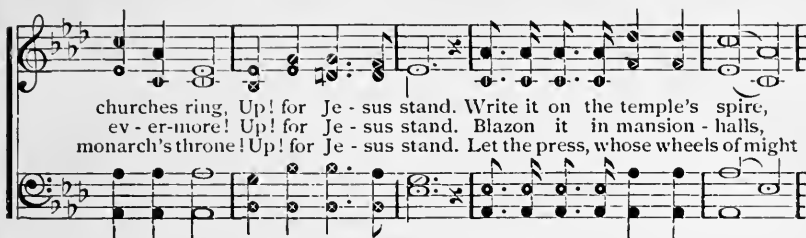
101

J. H.

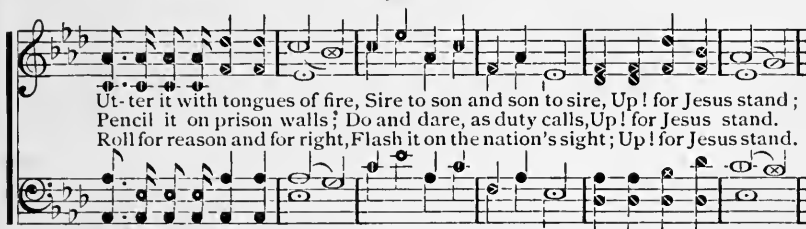
Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.



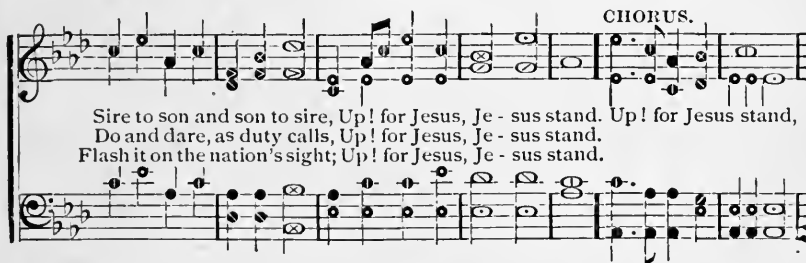
1. Soldiers of th' eternal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it thro' the
 2. La- bel it on ev'-ry door, Place it high the pulpit o'er, Let it stand for-
 3. Place it on the chisel'd stone, Where the mourners weep alone; Grave it on the



churches ring, Up! for Je - sus stand. Write it on the temple's spire,
 ev - er-more! Up! for Je - sus stand. Blazon it in mansion - halls,
 monarch's throne! Up! for Je - sus stand. Let the press, whose wheels of might

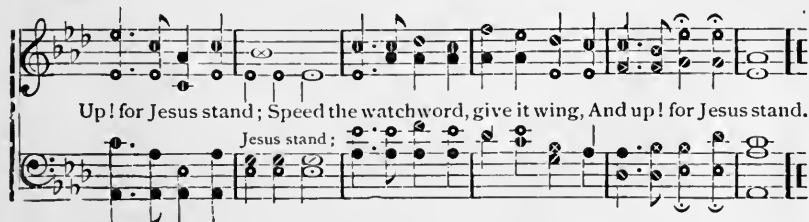


Ut - ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus stand;
 Pencil it on prison walls; Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus stand.
 Roll for reason and for right, Flash it on the nation's sight; Up! for Jesus stand.



CHORUS.

Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand. Up! for Jesus stand,
 Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.
 Flash it on the nation's sight; Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.




Up! for Jesus stand; Speed the watchword, give it wing, And up! for Jesus stand.
 Jesus stand;

It Reaches Me.

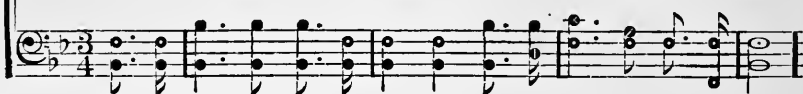
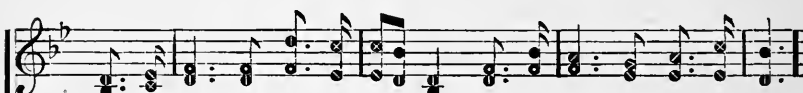
MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

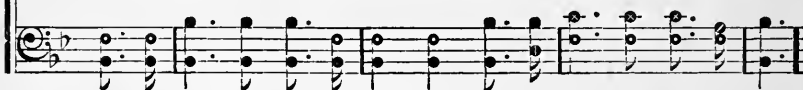
Reckless



1. Oh, this ut - ter - most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a fountain full and free,
 2. How a - maz - ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
 3. Je - sus, Saviour, I a - dore thee! Now thy love I will proclaim,

Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
 This stupend - ous bliss of Heav - en, This un-measured wealth of love!
 I will tell the blessed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!



CHORUS.



It reaches me! it reaches me! Wondrous grace! it reaches me!




Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flowing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

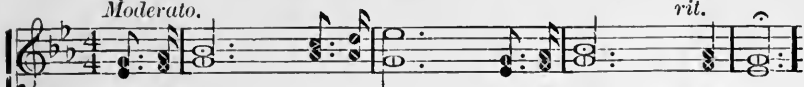


Joy in Heaven.

103

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
Moderato.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
rit.

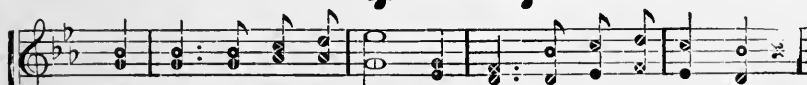


There is joy, there is joy, There is joy in heaven:

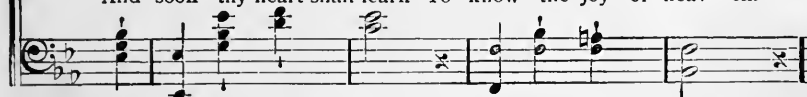
Andante.



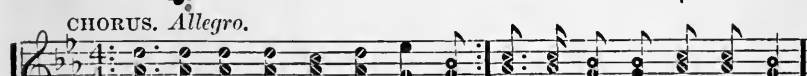
1. A ransomed soul re - turns, The paths of sin for - sak - ing,
2. A weep - ing sin - ner kneels, The chains of death are bro - ken,
3. No news of pain or care, The jas - per sea o'er-reach - ing,
4. O then to God re - turn, — Come back and be for - giv - en,

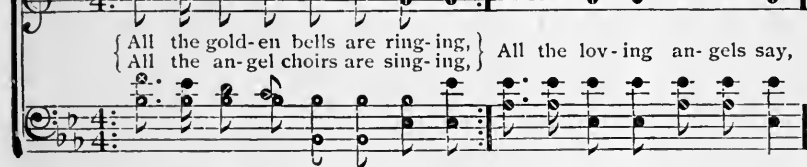
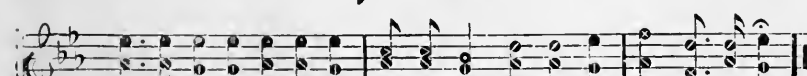
And while his sad heart mourns, The harps of God are wak - ing.
And soon his glad heart feels The Sav - iour's welcome spok - en.
But sweet is echoed there The con - trite heart's beseech - ing.
And soon thy heart shall learn To know the joy of heav - en.



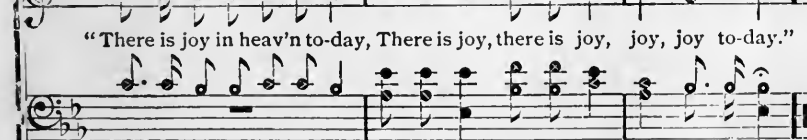
CHORUS. *Allegro.*



{ All the gold - en bells are ring - ing, } All the lov - ing an - gels say,
{ All the an - gel choirs are sing - ing, }

"There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy, there is joy, joy, joy to-day."



Washed in the Blood.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am bowed at the cross, Washed from sin and its dross, In the all-cleansing
 2. I have come to the blood; And the Spir- it of God Pours the sin- cleansing
 3. Oh, the wonderful fount Ope'd on Calvary's mount! There believing and

blood of the Lamb; Joy and rapture are mine, Peace and comfort divine. Fully
 tide thro' my soul, Till it burns with pure love To the Saviour above, By whose
 wait - ing I am. Lo! the all-cleansing tide To my heart is applied; I am

REFRAIN.

saved thro' his mercy I am. I am washed in the blood,
 grace I am saved and made whole.
 washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,

In the blood of the Lamb; Lo! the all-cleansing
 I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;

tide To my heart is applied, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Rest Wonder.

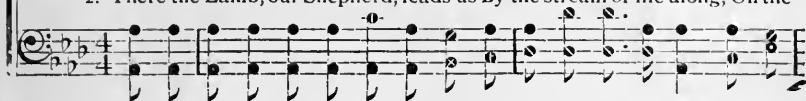
105

H. BONAR.

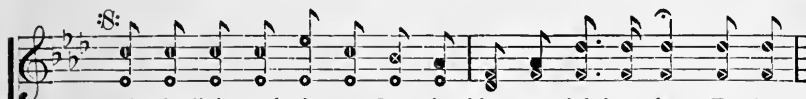
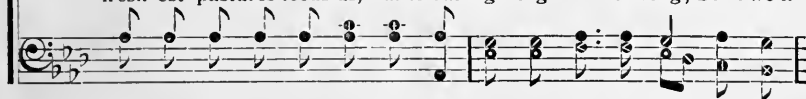
J. M. BLACK.



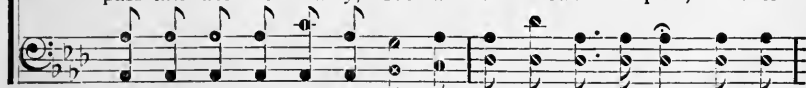
1. This is not my place of resting,—Mine's a ci - ty yet to come; Onward
2. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the stream of life along, On the



to it I am hast- ing, On to my e - ter - nal home; In it
fresh - est pastures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song; Soon we'll



all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a nightless day; Ev - 'ry
pass this des - ert drea - ry,—Soon we'll bid fare - well to pain,—Nev - er

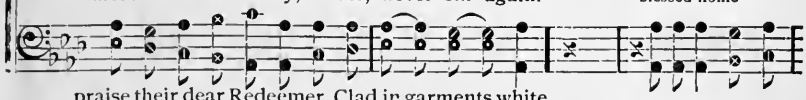


D. S.—saved of earth shall gather In that ci - ty of de - light, There to

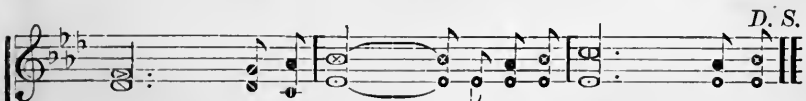


Fine. CHORUS.

trace of sin's sad story, All the curse has pass'd away. Blessed home bright and
more be sad or weary, Never, never sin again. blessed home

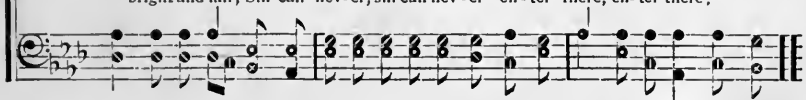


praise their dear Redeemer, Clad in garments white.



D. S.

fair, Sin can nev - - - er en - ter there; All the
bright and fair, Sin can nev - er, sin can nev - er en - ter there, en - ter there;



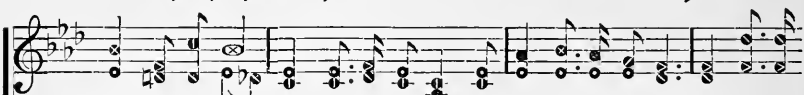
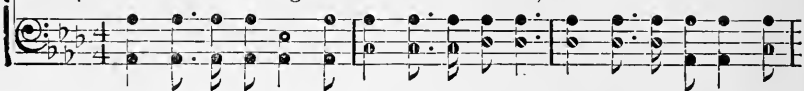
Peace in Believing.

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Peace in believ-ing the words of my Saviour, Peace in believing each
2. Peace in believ-ing each moment he saves me, Peace in believing his
3. Peace in believ-ing I dwell in his presence, Peace in believing I
4. Peace in believ-ing when tri- als are o-ver, When in his likeness made



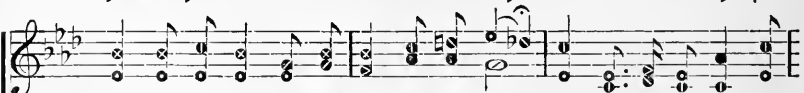
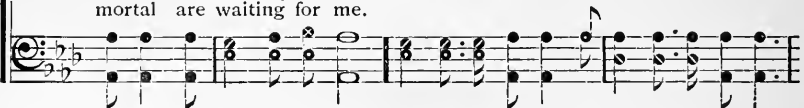
prom-ise di-vine, Peace in believ-ing the Lord is my Shepherd; Glory to
gar-ment I wear, Peace in believ-ing, whatev-er befall me, Je-sus is
walk by his side, Peace in believ-ing he will not forsake me, Tho' in the
pure I shall be; There, where no sorrow nor darkness can enter, Pleasures im-



CHORUS.



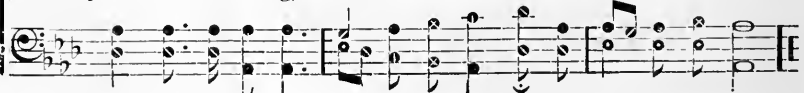
Jesus! I know he is mine. Peace in believing, sweet peace in believing—
waiting to answer my prayer.
furnace my soul may be tried,
mortal are waiting for me.



Precious en-joyment, no language can tell; Peace in believ-ing, sweet



peace in believing,—Grace has redeemed me; I know it full well.

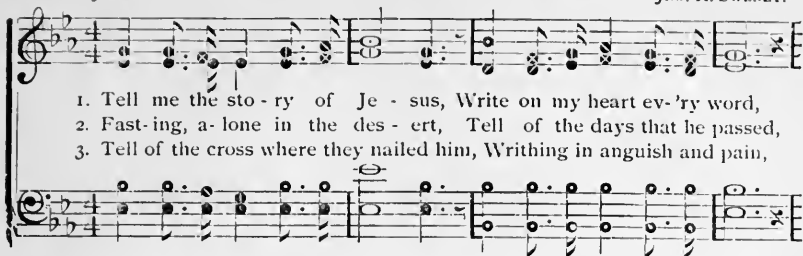


Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

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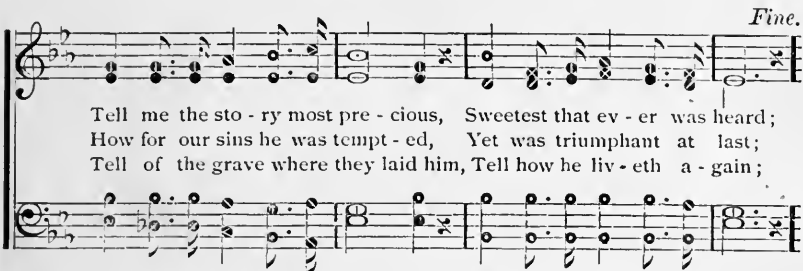
FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



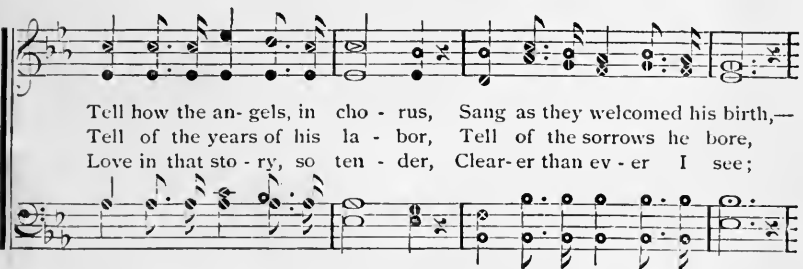
1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ry word,
2. Fast - ing, a - lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain,

Chorus.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - ry word,

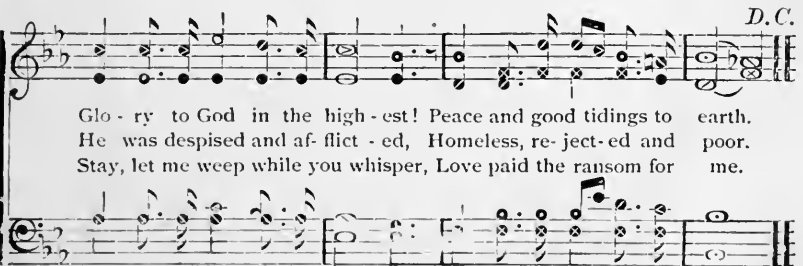


Fine.
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins he was tempt - ed, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.



Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrows he bore,
Love in that sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



D. C.
Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Homeless, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

Happy in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Gen - tle Saviour mine, oh, the joy di - vine, — Trusting in thy mer - cy
 2. Gen - tle Saviour mine, all my love is thine, Love that now is cling - ing,
 3. Toil - ing here be - low, wheresoe'er I go, Tar - ry, O my Sav - iour,
 4. When my spirit flies homeward to the skies, When thy face in glo - ry

flow - ing for me; 'Tis thy tender voice bids my heart rejoice; Lord, I am
 clinging to thee; All my journey 'long this shall be my song, Lord, I am
 tar - ry with me; On - ly safe am I 'neath thy watchful eye, There I am
 smil - ing I see, How my harp will ring, how my voice will sing, Lord, I am

CHORUS.

hap - py, so hap - py in thee. Leaning on thy breast sweetly now I rest,

Since, my Redeem - er, thou car - est for me; All the livelong day

still my heart can say, Lord, I am hap - py, so hap - py in thee.

Walking with Jesus.

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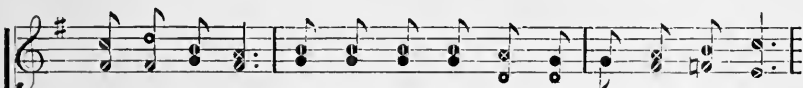
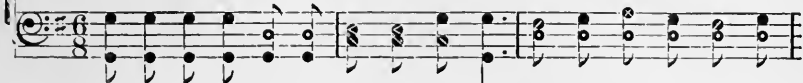
HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

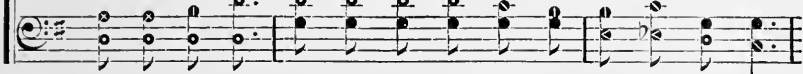
Allegretto.



1. Walking with Je-sus, my Sav-iour di-vine; Walking with Je-sus, what
2. Walking with Je-sus, in him I a-bide, Fearing no e-vil while
3. Walking with Je-sus, my faith growing strong; Walking with Je-sus, O



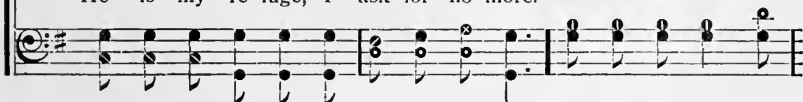
com-fort is mine; Led by his Spir-it, redeemed by his love,
close to his side; Grace for each mo-ment my Sav-iour be-stows,
sweet is my song; Bless-ed com-mun-ion with Him I a-dore;



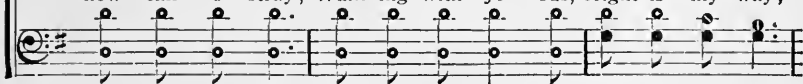
CHORUS.



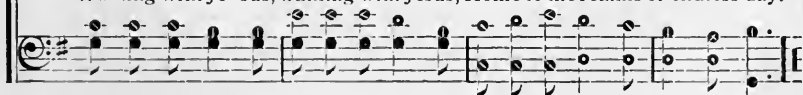
Heir to his Kingdom of glo-ry a-bove. Walking with Je-sus,
Peace like a riv-er con-tin-u-al-ly flows.
He is my re-fuge, I ask for no more.



how can I stray; Walk-ing with Je-sus, bright is my way;



Walking with Je-sus, walking with Jesus, Home to the realms of endless day.



When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo-ri-fied he who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy-ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo-ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
 died for men; Splendid the vis-ion be-fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev-'ry one will know,
 gar-ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

Sacred Rest.

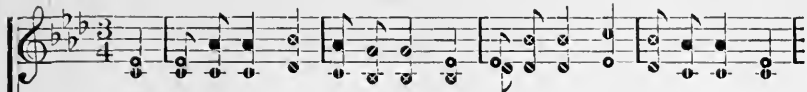
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"For we who have believed do enter into rest."

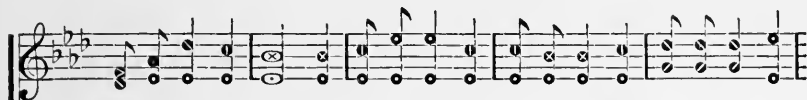
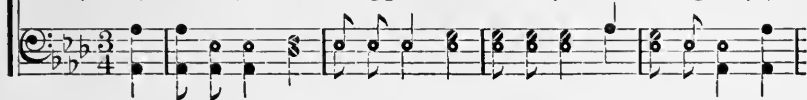
Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Heb. iv. 3.

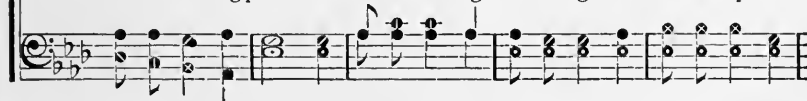
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



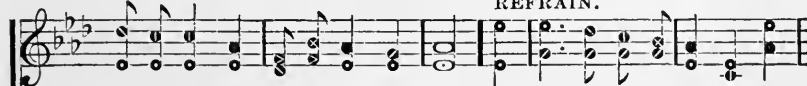
1. How sweet the sacred rest it brings To nestle 'neath his shelt'ring wings,—The
2. 'Tis rest no angel's tongue can tell; 'Tis joy untold, unspeak-a- ble, My
3. Oh, full salvation, hallowed bliss! No creature joys compare with this Di-
4. Oh, wondrous, condescending grace! That we may bask in his bright rays, His



Lover of my soul! "A covert" from the pelting storms, "A refuge" from life's
Saviour's love to know; To see him smile, and hear him say, "I'll guide thro' all the
vine, unbroken rest:—The sacred calm the soul receives, The peace of God which
wealth of blessing prove! And lifted to the glorious height Of fellowship with

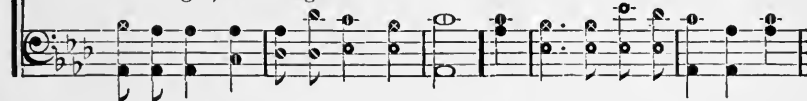


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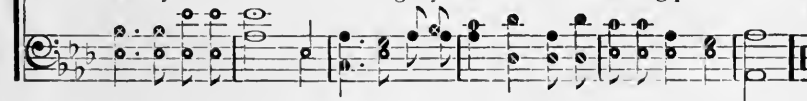


dread alarms, When raging billows roll. Oh, glo - ry be to Je- sus! How
dang'rous way Each step that thou shalt go."

Jesus gives, While leaning on his breast.
saints in light, What magnitude of love!



sweetly I am blest!—In trusting my Redeemer I am finding perfect rest.

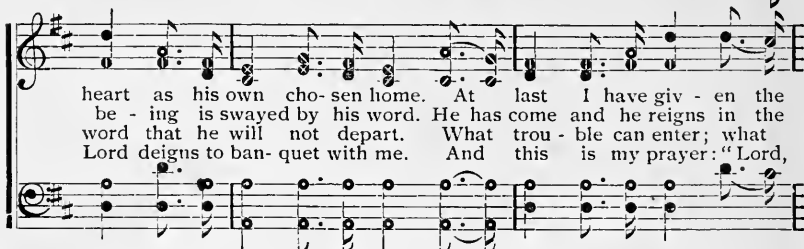


He has Come.

[Written after hearing a sermon from Chaplain McCabe, from the text, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh!"]
 Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. J. NO. R. SWENEY.



1. He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come! He has tak - en my
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord! Ev'ry thought of my
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart! He has given his
4. He has come to a-bide: and ho - ly must be The place where my

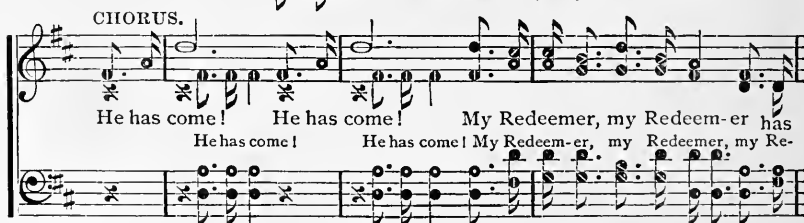


heart as his own cho - sen home. At last I have giv - en the
 be - ing is swayed by his word. He has come and he reigns in the
 word that he will not depart. What trou - ble can enter; what
 Lord deigns to ban - quet with me. And this is my prayer: "Lord,

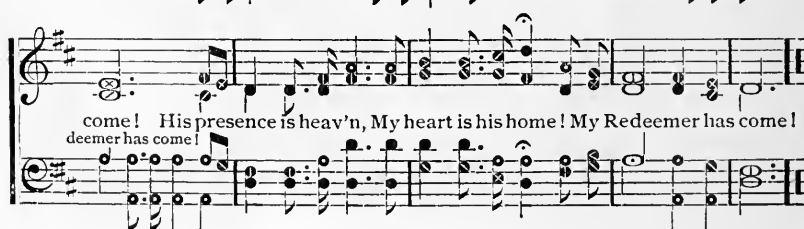


welcome he sought; He has come, and his coming all gladness has brought.
 realm of my soul, And his scep - tre is love! oh, bles - sed control!
 e - vil can come To the heart where the God of all peace has his home?
 since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home!"

CHORUS.



He has come! He has come! My Redeemer, my Redeem - er has
 He has come! He has come! My Redeem - er, my Redeemer, my Re -



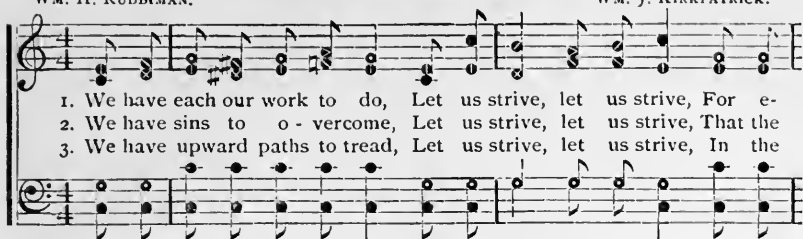
come! His presence is heav'n, My heart is his home! My Redeemer has come!
 deemer has come!

Our Way of Duty.

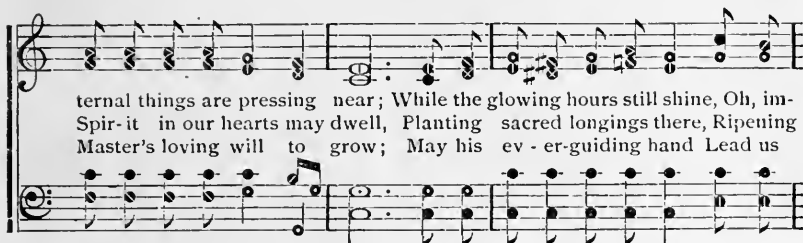
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WM. H. RUDDMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

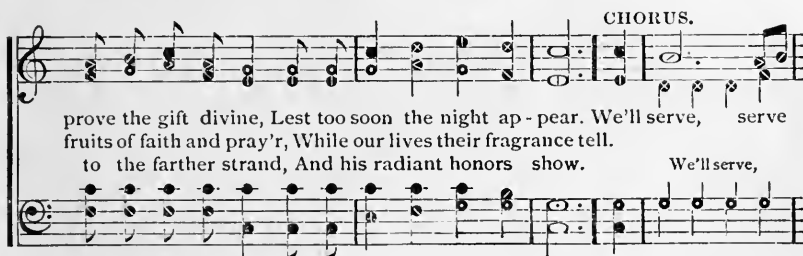


1. We have each our work to do, Let us strive, let us strive, For e-
 2. We have sins to o-vercome, Let us strive, let us strive, That the
 3. We have upward paths to tread, Let us strive, let us strive, In the

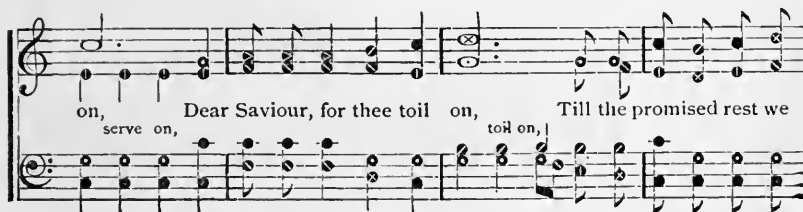


ternal things are pressing near; While the glowing hours still shine, Oh, im-
 Spir-it in our hearts may dwell, Planting sacred longings there, Ripening
 Master's loving will to grow; May his ev-er-guiding hand Lead us

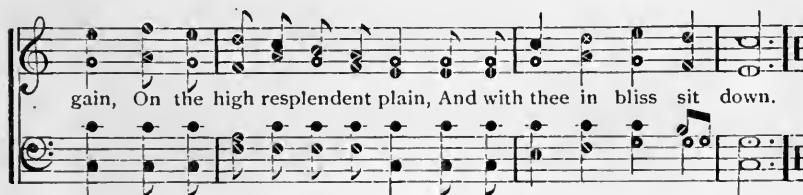
CHORUS.



prove the gift divine, Lest too soon the night ap-pear. We'll serve, serve
 fruits of faith and pray'r, While our lives their fragrance tell.
 to the farther strand, And his radiant honors show. We'll serve,



on, serve on, Dear Saviour, for thee toil on, Till the promised rest we
 toil on,|



gain, On the high resplendent plain, And with thee in bliss sit down.

Saviour, Comfort Me.

By per.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. In the dark and cloud-y day, When earth's riches flee a-way,
 2. When the se-cret i-dol's gone That my poor heart yearned upon,
 3. Thou who wast so sore-ly tried, In the dark-ness cru-ci-fied,
 4. So it shall be good for me Much af-flict-ed now to be,

And the last hope will not stay, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 Des-o-late, be-reft, a-lone, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 Bid me in thy love con-fide, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 If thou wilt but ten-der-ly, Sav-iour, com-fort me.

In Thy Hand.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I take my pil-grim staff a-new, Life's path untrodden to pur-sue,
 2. Thy smile alone makes moments bright, That smile turns darkness into light;
 3. A few more days, a few more years: Oh, then a bright reverse appears;
 4. That hand my steps will gently guide To the dark brink of Jordan's tide,

Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
 This thought will soothe grief's saddest night, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
 Then I shall no more say, with tears, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
 Then bear me to the heavenward side, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,

in thy hand, Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view, My times are in thy hand.
 in thy hand, This thought will soothe grief's saddest night, My times are in thy hand.
 in thy hand, When I shall no more say, with tears, My times are in thy hand.
 in thy hand, Then bear me to the heavenward side, My times are in thy hand.

Jesus Loves the Little Ones.

H. W. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Calls them to come near; Watches o'er them
 2. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Gives them food and friends; Grace for lifetime
 3. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Guides their steps aright; Shields them all the

CHORUS.

ev-'ry day, On from year to year. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones,
 while it lasts, Glo-ry when it ends.
 bu-sy day, Guards their bed at night.

Yes, yes, yes; All who come to him by prayer He loves to bless.

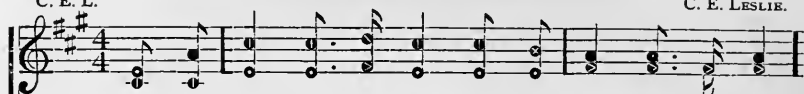
4 Jesus loves the little ones,
 Bears their sin and care;
 Loves to hear them lisp his name
 In his praise or prayer.

5 Jesus loves the little ones,
 Wheresoe'er they roam;
 Then he takes them when they die
 To his heavenly home.

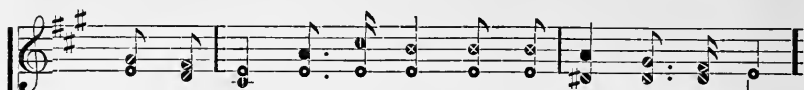
He invites You to-day.

C. E. L.

C. E. LESLIE.

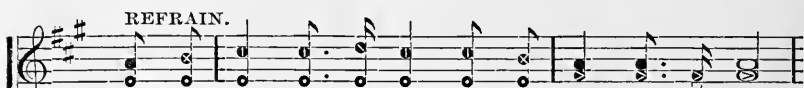


1. Sin - ner, come, will you come, To the Lamb that was slain,
 2. There's a work to be done, There's a cross you should bear;
 3. You have friends who have gone To that ha - ven of rest,



Will you come to his arms, He will cleanse ev - 'ry stain.
 There's a crown to be won, There's a glo - ry to share.
 Whom you promised to meet In the land of the blest.

REFRAIN.



He in - vites you to - day, Do not, then, stay a - way,

8:



Bless - ed be the Lord! He in - vites you to - day.

Fine.

D.S.



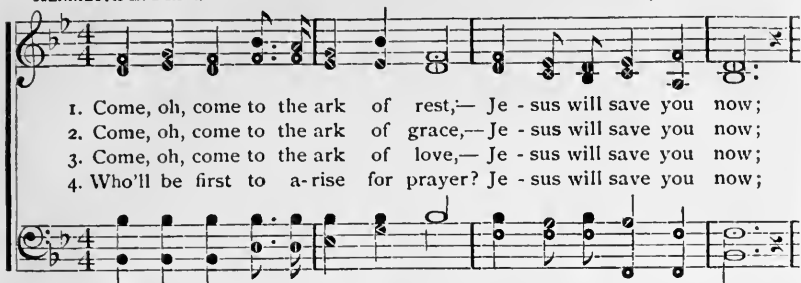
Bless - ed be the Lord! Bless - ed be the Lord

Jesus will Save You now.

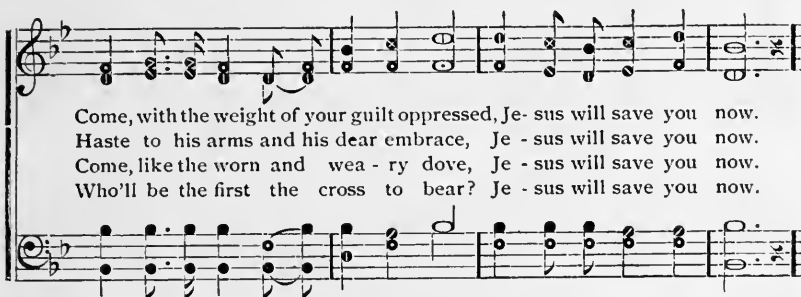
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HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

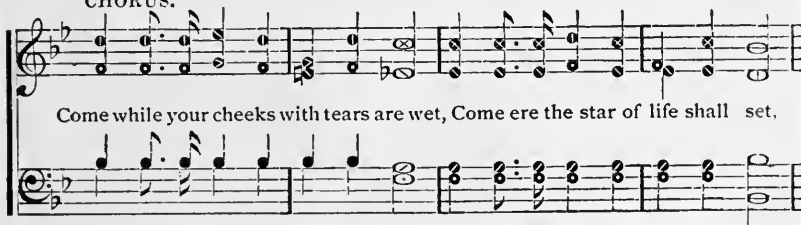


1. Come, oh, come to the ark of rest;— Je - sus will save you now;
 2. Come, oh, come to the ark of grace,— Je - sus will save you now;
 3. Come, oh, come to the ark of love,— Je - sus will save you now;
 4. Who'll be first to a-rise for prayer? Je - sus will save you now;

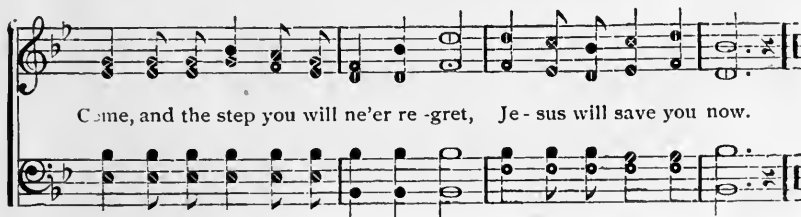


Come, with the weight of your guilt oppressed, Je - sus will save you now.
 Haste to his arms and his dear embrace, Je - sus will save you now.
 Come, like the worn and wea - ry dove, Je - sus will save you now.
 Who'll be the first the cross to bear? Je - sus will save you now.

CHORUS.



Come while your cheeks with tears are wet, Come ere the star of life shall set,



Come, and the step you will ne'er re-gret, Je - sus will save you now.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my . soul! Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:



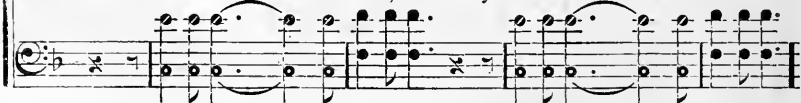
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me:
 Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



QUARTETTE.



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All - my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
 Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee:



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my defenceless head With the sha - dow of thy wing!
 Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my time,

It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

1. O the bitter || shame and sorrow, || That a time could || ever be, || When I let the ||
2. Yet he found me, || I beheld him || Bleeding on the ac- || cursed tree || Heard him pray, for ||

Saviour's pity || Plead in || vain, and proudly answer'd, All of self and none of thee.
give them, Father, || And my || wistful heart said faintly, Some of self and some of thee.

3 Day by day his || tender mercy, ||
Healing, helping, || full and free, ||
Sweet, and strong, || and, oh, so patient, ||
Brought me || lower while I whispered,
Less of self and more of thee.

4 Higher than the || highest heaven, ||
Deeper than the || deepest sea. ||
Lord, thy love || at last has conquer'd, ||
Grant me || now my soul's desire,
None of self and all of thee.

He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li-ber-ty.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;

And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

J. R. S.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours ;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

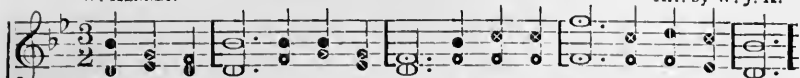
- 4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

- 5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more :
Life's tears shall be wiped away
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.

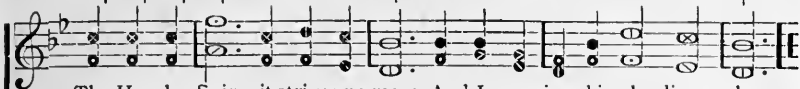
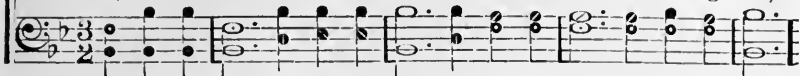
Stay, Sinner, stay!

W. KENNEY.

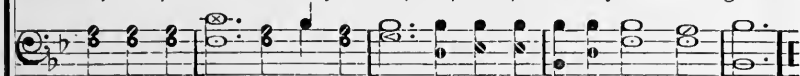
Arr. by W. J. K.



1. Stay, sinner, stay! the night comes on, When slighted mercy is withdrawn;
2. Stay, sinner, stay! the Father's call Now bids you come, for- saking all;



The Ho - ly Spir - it strives no more, And Jesus gives his pleadings o'er.
Oh, come, and he will bid you live, Oh, come, and freely he'll for - give.

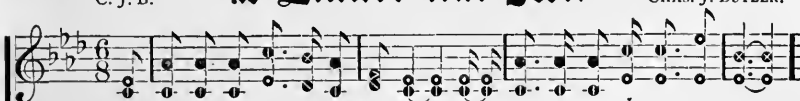


- 3 Stay, sinner, stay! 'tis Jesus pleads,
For you he weeps, for you he bleeds;
Oh, let his love your heart constrain,
Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.
- 4 Stay, sinner, stay! the Spirit cries,
Awake, and from the dead arise;
Arise and plead for mercy now,
And at the cross repenting bow.
- 5 Come, sinner, come! though guilty now,
At Jesus' feet submissive bow,
And freely all shall be forgiven;—
Oh, come, and taste the joys of heaven.
- 6 See, sinner, see! where loved ones stand,
All saved in heaven—a happy band;
Oh, come, and join them on that shore,
Where death and parting are no more.

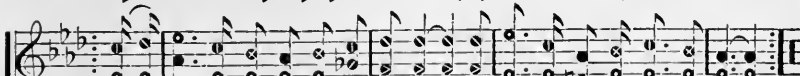
C. J. B.

A Sinner like Me.

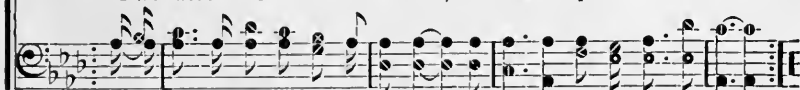
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. I-was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,



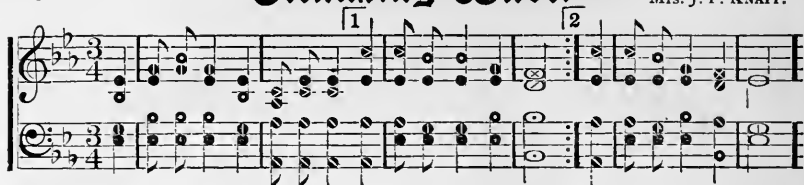
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.



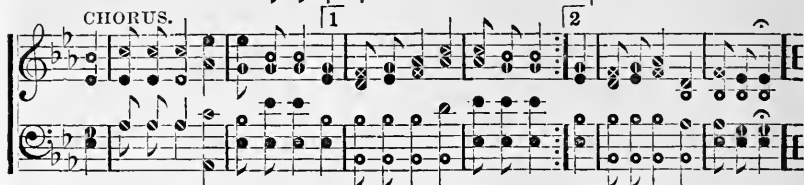
- 2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.
- 3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.
- 4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
- 5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



CHORUS.



1 OH, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

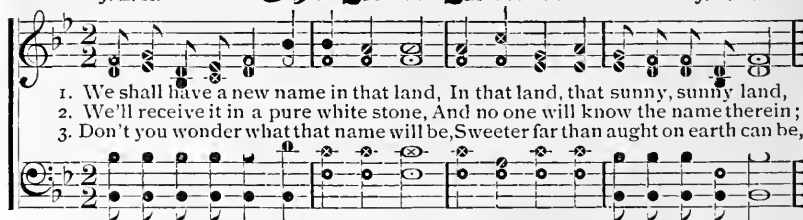
3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

J. E. H.

The New Name.

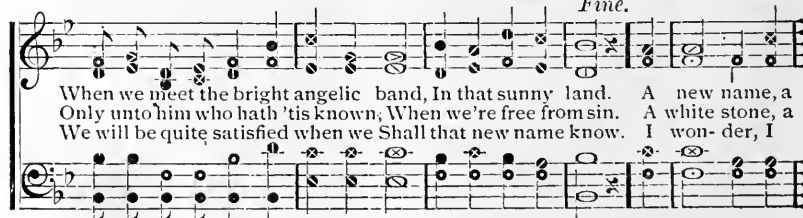
J. E. HALL.



1. We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
2. We'll receive it in a pure white stone, And no one will know the name therein;
3. Don't you wonder what that name will be, Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,

Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,

Fine.



When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land. A new name, a
Only unto him who hath 'tis known, When we're free from sin. A white stone, a
We will be quite satisfied when we Shall that new name know. I wonder, I

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land.

The New Name.—CONCLUDED.

D. C.

new name We'll receive up there; A new name, a new name, All who enter there.
white stone We'll receive up there; A white stone, a white stone, All who enter there.
won- der What that name will be, I wonder, I wonder, What he'll give to me.

127

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

Fill Me Now.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Fine.

D.S.—Fill me with thy hallowed presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now,

1 HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home,

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Words arr. by B. M. A.

Melody by J. R. S.

Harmony by W. J. K.

Slow, with dignity.

Glo - ry be to the FA - THER, Glo - ry be to the SON,

Glo - ry be to the HO - LY GHOST; As it was in the be - ginning,

Is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men, a - men.

129

- I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the Story!
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

130

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

52

HYMNS OF THE HEART

SELECTED BY

C. C. McCABE.

PREFACE.

HOW shall our church music be improved? This is an unsettled question. From the meaningless chords played by the organist at the beginning of the service till the congregation rises to sing the doxology the music is unsatisfactory, almost everywhere. Why? Because it lacks heart. It lacks enthusiasm. It lacks volume. It lacks the joyful spirit of praise. Try an experiment,—Give out from the Church Hymnal, as part of the Sabbath-school lesson, “How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.” Let every member of the Sabbath-school learn it *by heart*. Let the pastor announce it as one of his hymns on Sabbath morning. Request the organist to omit all flourishes,—all *preludes* and *interludes*. Let not the leader be over anxious about the time. The people will sing much better with *heart* beat than with *hand* beat or *baton* beat. One blast on the organ to get the pitch. Then let choir, congregation, and Sabbath-school “sing unto the Lord.” The question is answered at last. The music is majestic. The holy tide of song bears the congregation heavenward. Watch the old saints. Long ago they hung their harps on the willows. They are all singing now. Such music will attract sinners. It will help to fill up the empty pews. It will help you to preach. Try another hymn in the same way, till you have packed fifty-two of the grand old hymns of Zion into the memories of the children,—and after while you will have a singing church.

C. C. McCABE.

HYMNS OF THE HEART.

131-1

Soldiers of the Cross.

J. B. WATERBURY.

Tune, CALEDONIA. 7, 7, 7, 6ⁿ

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Lo! your Lead-er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin.

Waves be-fore you glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic-tor-y.
Strive the vic-tor's palm to win, Trust-ing in the Lord:

Seize your ar-mor, gird it on; Now the bat-tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, Warriors of the King of Light,

See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle man-ful-ly.
Nev-er yield, nor lose by flight Your di-vine re-ward.

3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain,
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

Enthroned is Jesus Now.

T. J. JUDKIN.

Theme of Chorus from Webster.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. En - throned is Je - sus now, Up - on his heavenly seat; The
 2. In shin - ing white they stand, A great and countless throng; A
 3. They sing the Lamb of God, Once slain on earth for them; The
 4. Thy grace, O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy blessed help sup - ply, That

king - ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.
 palm - y scep - tre in each hand, On ev - 'ry lip a song.
 Lamb, thro' whose a - ton - ing blood, Each wears his di - a - dem.
 we may join that ra - diant host, Tri - umphant in the sky.

CHORUS.

There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Saviour's side,

We shall be sat - is - fied By and by; By and by,
 There, there, with the glorified,

By and by; We shall be sat - is - fied By and by.
 Safe, safe, by our Saviour's side,

Jesus Shall Reign.

Tune, MIGDOL. L. M.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc- ces - sive journeys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.</p> | <p>4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.</p> |
|--|--|

Just as I Am.

Tune, HAMBURG. L. M.

1. Just as I am, with- out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait- ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

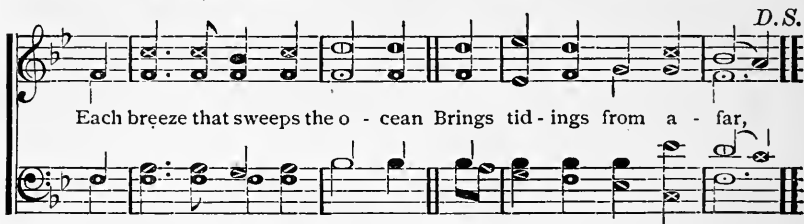
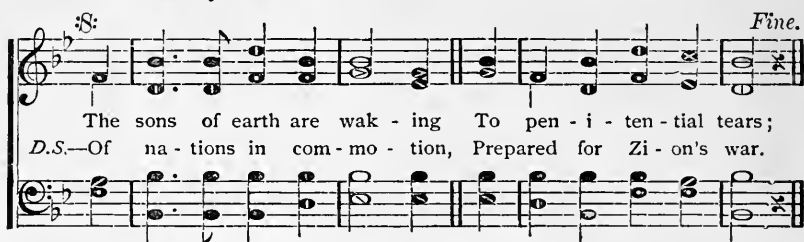
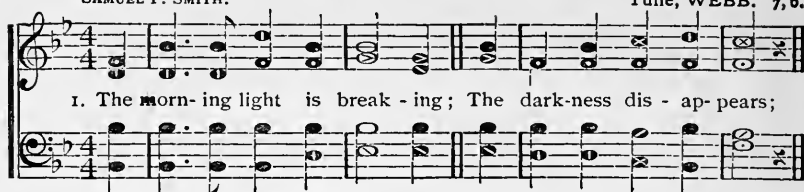
And that thou bids't me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!</p> | <p>5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!</p> |
| <p>4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!</p> | <p>6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!</p> |

The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.



2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

7, 6.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

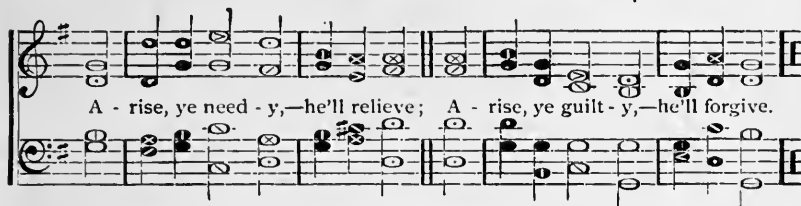
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer:
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Tr. by A. W. BOEHM.

Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

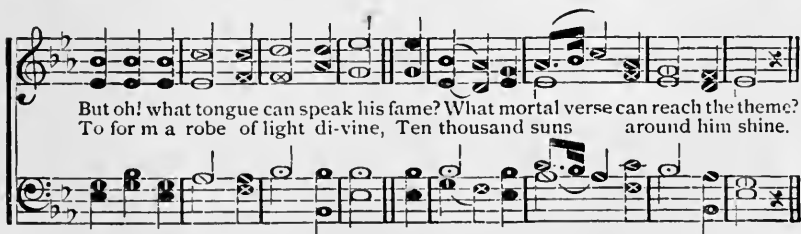
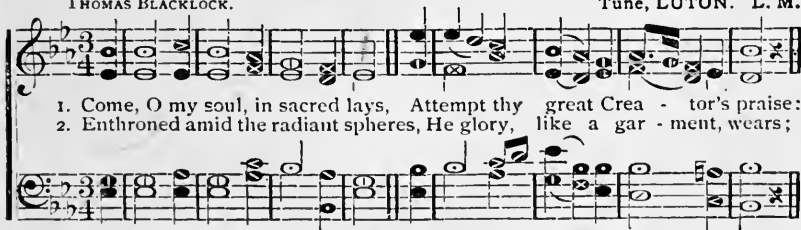
4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

Tune, LUTON. L. M.



3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

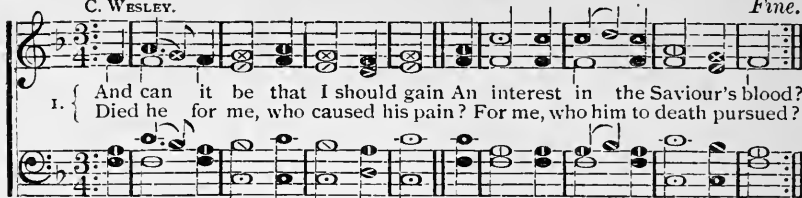
4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

And can it Be?

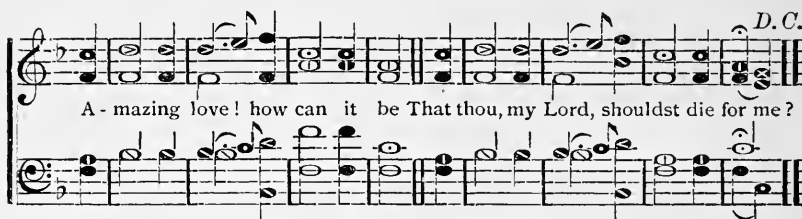
Tune, FILLMORE. L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Fine.



D.C.—A - maz - ing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?



2 'Tis mystery all! the immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

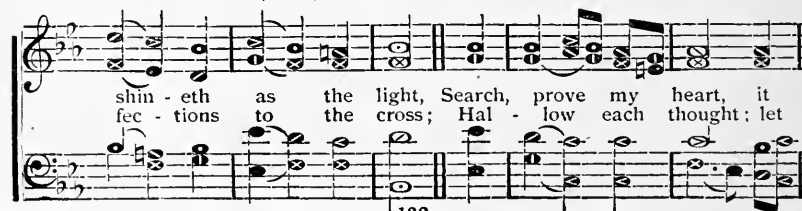
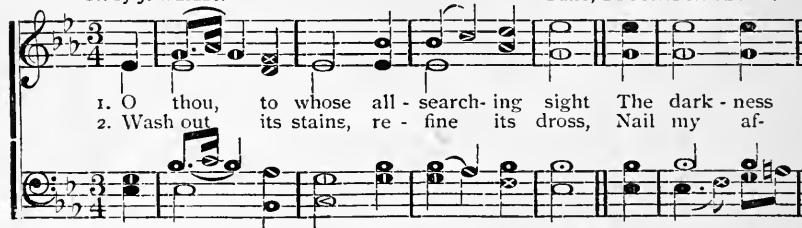
4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne, own.
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my

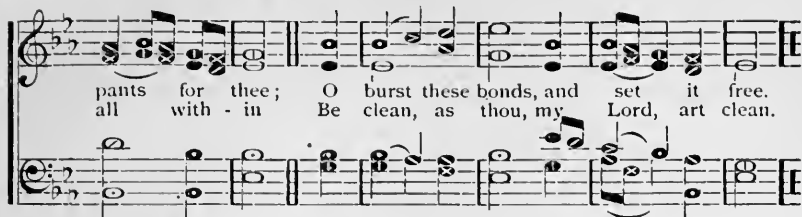
O Thou to whose.

Tr. by J. WESLEY.

Tune, STONEFIELD. L. M.



O Thou to Whose.—CONCLUDED.



pants for thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free.
all with - in Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

141-11

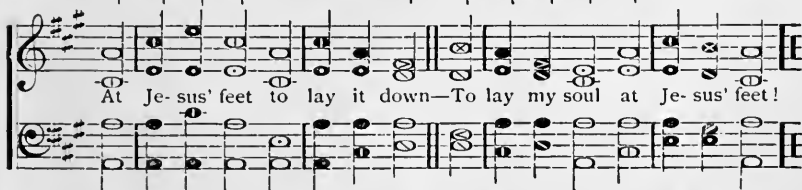
C. WESLEY.

O that My Load.

Tune, FOREST. L. M.



1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit



At Je-sus' feet to lay it down—To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

142-12

O LORD, THY HEAVENLY GRACE.

L. M.

1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

143-13

Tr. by R. PALMER.

Jesus, Thou Joy.

Tune, WELTON. L. M.

1. Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts! Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to thee a - gain.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.</p> <p>3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!</p> | <p>4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.</p> <p>5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!</p> |
|--|--|

144-14 **From Every Stormy Wind.**

H. STOWELL.

Tune, RETREAT. L. M.

1. From ev'-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 There is a scene where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.</p> <p>3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.</p> | <p>4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?</p> <p>5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.</p> |
|---|---|

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sinners given;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scatters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

An gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scatters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

146-16

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

1. O Friend of souls! how blest the time When in thy love I rest,

When from my wea - ri - ness I climb E'en to thy ten - der breast!

The night of sor - row end - eth there, Thy rays outshine the sun,

And in thy par - don and thy care The heaven of heavens is won.

2 The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure:
I care not for the world; I go
To this tried Friend and sure.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
Because it holdeth thee.

3 To others death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me:
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.
Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
I welcome the release
From this dark desert, and depart
To thy eternal peace.

1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,

Ac-cepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

149-19 **My Saviour, my almighty Friend.**

Tune, EMMONS. C. M.

1. My Saviour, my al-mighty Friend, When I be-gin thy praise,
2. I trust in thy e-ter-nal word; Thy goodness I a-dore:

Where will the grow-ing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace,
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, That I may love thee more,

The numbers of thy grace?
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

150-20

Eternal Father, Thou.

R. PALMER.

Tune, ROLLAND. L. M.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, thou hast said, That Christ all glory shall ob - tain ;
2. We wait thy triumph, Saviour King ; Long a - ges have prepared thy way ;

That he who once a sufferer bled Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign,
Now all a - broad thy banner fling, Set time's great battle in ar - ray,

Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.
Set time's great battle in ar - ray.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand ;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease ;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field ;
"The Cross ! the Cross !" the battle-call ;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree ;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

151-21

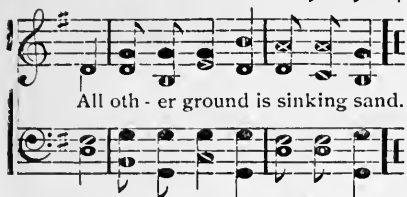
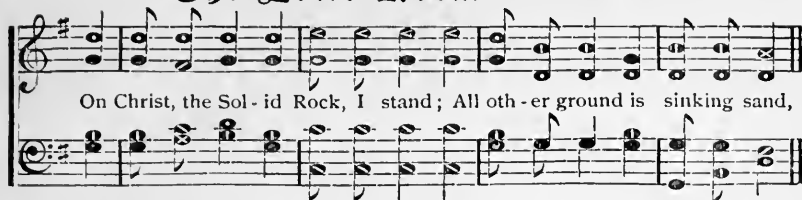
The Solid Rock.

E. MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ; }
{ I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name : }

The Solid Rock.—CONCLUDED.



2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale.

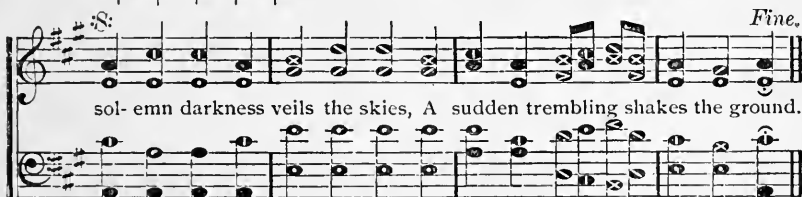
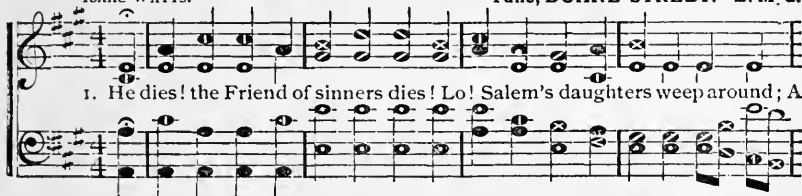
3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood :
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

152-22

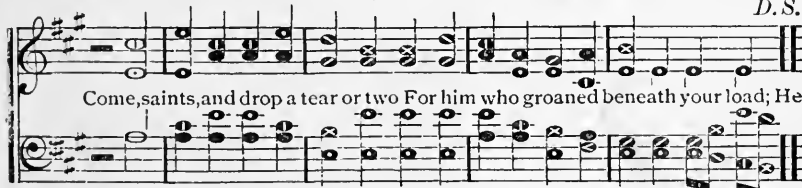
ISAAC WATTS.

He Dies! the Friend.

Tune, DUANE STREET. L. M. d.

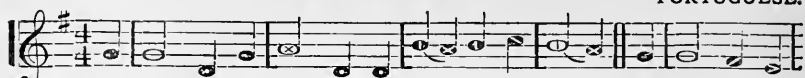


D.S.—shed a thousand drops for you,—A thousand drops of rich - er blood. *D. S.*

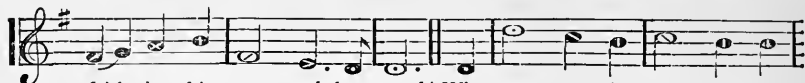


2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell
And led the monster Death in chains:
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

How Firm a Foundation.Tune,
PORTUGUESE.

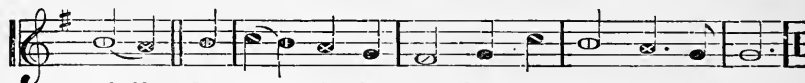
1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy



faith in his ex - cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and



you he hath said, To you, who for re - fuge to Je - sus have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gracious, om - nip - o - tent



fled? To you, who for re - fuge to Je - sus have fled?
hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de-
sign

Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to re-
fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people
shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn, [borne.]

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,

I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to
shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

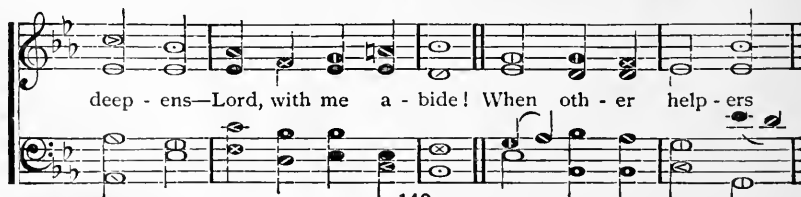
H. F. LYTE.

Abide with Me.

Tune, EVENTIDE. 10.

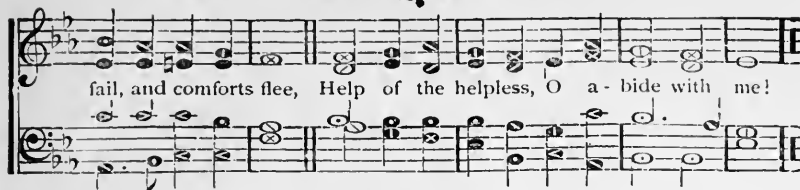


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness



deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers

Abide with Me.—CONCLUDED.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where grave, thy
victory?

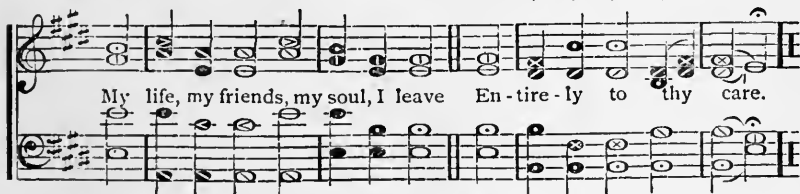
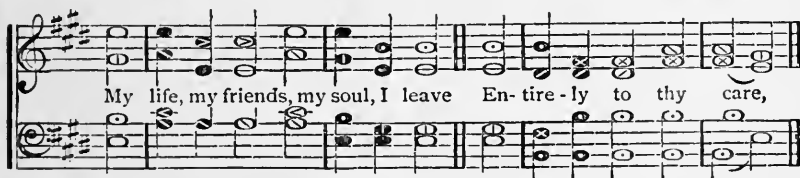
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies; [shadows flee;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

155-25 **My Times are in Thy Hand.**

W. F. LLOYD.

Tune, SELVIN. S. M.



2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be

156-26

Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by E. CASWALL.

Tune, EVAN. C. M.

1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.</p> <p>3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art !
How good, to those who seek !</p> | <p>4 But what to those who find ? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.</p> <p>5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.</p> |
|---|---|

157-27

for a Heart.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, AVON. C. M.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free !
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me !

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.</p> <p>3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within !</p> | <p>4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.</p> <p>5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.</p> |
|--|---|

My God, the Spring.

Tune, PEORIA. C. M.

1. My God, the Spring of all my joys, The life of my delights,
The glo - ry of my bright-est days, And com - fort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

While Thine I Seek.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

Tune, CADD0. C. M.

1. While thee I seek, pro- tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar:
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

1. O thou God of my sal-va-tion, My Re-deemer from all sin;
2. Tho' un-seen, I love the Sa-viour; He hath brought salvation near;

Moved by thy di-vine com-pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
Man-i-fests his pardoning fa-vor; And when Je-sus doth ap-pear,

D.S.—I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be-gin?
Soul and bod-y, soul and bod-y Shall his glorious im-age bear,

I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise begin?
Soul and bod-y, soul and bod-y Shall his glorious im-age bear?

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

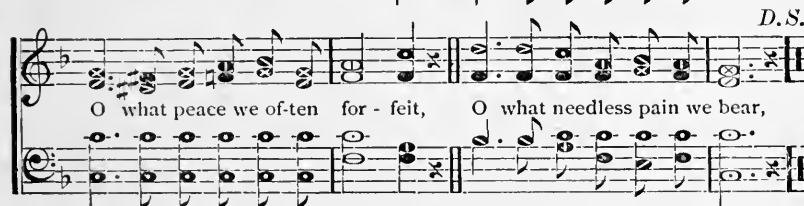
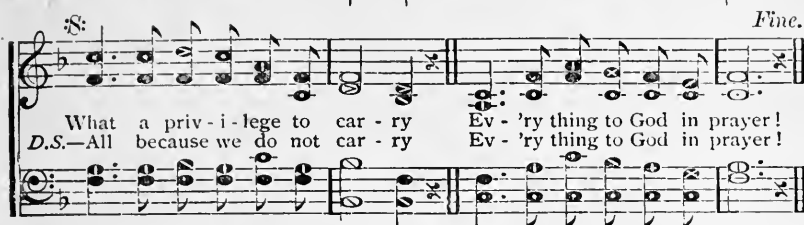
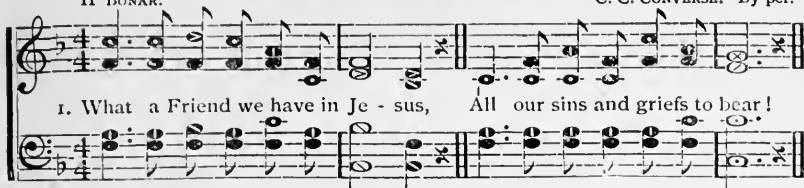
161-31

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

6, 4, 6.

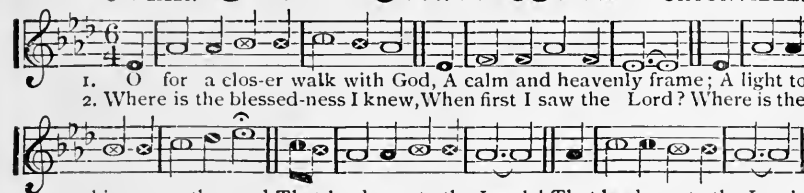
- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;

- Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!



2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.



2. Where is the blessed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the

shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
soul refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

164-34

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune, HURSLEY. L.M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sa- viour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind- ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent- ly steep,

O may no earthborn cloud a- rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forev- er on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

165-35

Great God, Attend.

ISAAC WATTS.

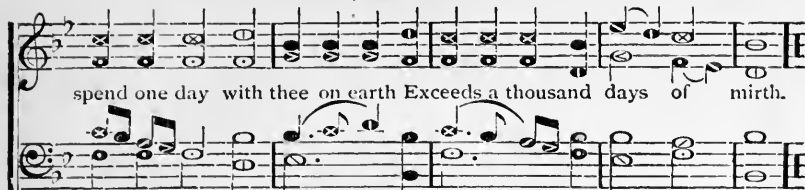
Tune, BRIDGEWATER. L.M.

1. Great God, attend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;

To spend one day, To spend one day with thee on earth, To

To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with

Great God, Attend.—CONCLUDED.



thee on earth Ex - ceeds . . . a thou - - - sand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day,
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

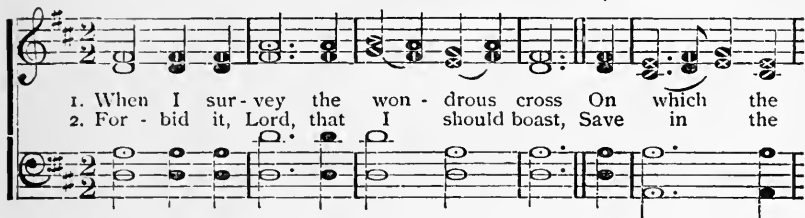
5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

166-36

Glorifying in the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, EUCHARIST. L. M.



3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

167-37

In the Cross of Christ.

Sir, J. BOWRING.

Tune, RATHBUN. 1, 7.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

168-38

O Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE

Tune, HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! }
{ Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }
S: CHORUS. *Fine.*
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. *D.S.*
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoic - ing ev - 'ry day;

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D.C.
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good!

Fine.
 On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood:
D.S.—On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

D.S.
 All thy pleasures I fore-go; I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride;

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atoning Victim died:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

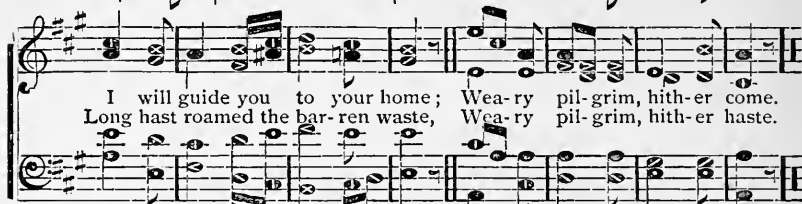
5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

171-41

Come, Said Jesus.

Mrs. A. L. BARBAULD.

Tune HORTON. 4



3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

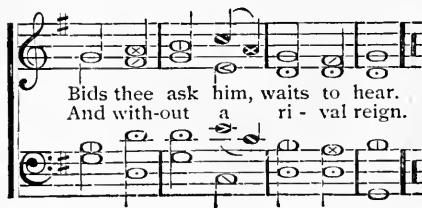
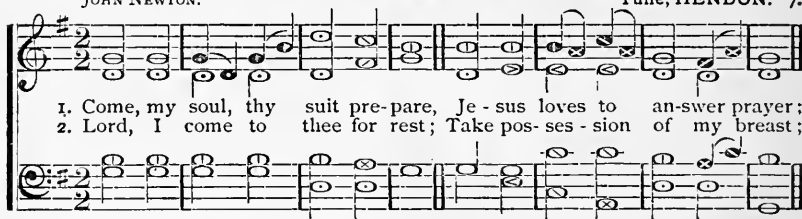
4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

172-42

Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON.

Tune, HENDON. 7.



3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }
D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

D.C. 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!

{ Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, }
 { Till the storm of life is past; }

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

1. Come un-to me when shadows darkly gath-er, When the sad heart is
D.S.—Come un-to me, and

Fine. *D.S.*

wea-ry and distressed, Seeking for com-fort from your heavenly Father,
 I will give you rest.

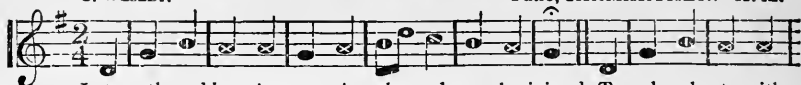
2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's
 dwelling, [dim;
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swell-
 ing, [only hymn.
 Soft are the tones which raise the heav-

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in glad-
 ness, [ly pressed;
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rude-
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

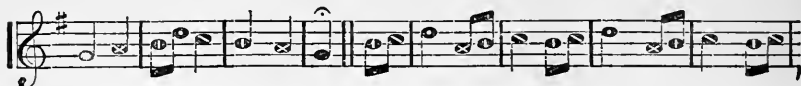
175-45 Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, CARMARTHEN. H. M.



1. Let earth and heav'n agree, Angels and men be joined, To cel - ebrate with
2. Jesus! transporting sound! The joy of earth and heav'n; No oth-er help is



me The Saviour of mankind: To-a-dore the all-a - ton-ing Lamb, And found, No oth-er name is given, By which we can sal - va - tion have; But



bless the sound of Je - sus' name, And bless the sound of Je - sus' name.
Je - sus came the world to save, But Je - sus came the world to save.

- 3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart with joy.

- 5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?
- 6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

176-46 My Jesus, as Thou wilt.

Fr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

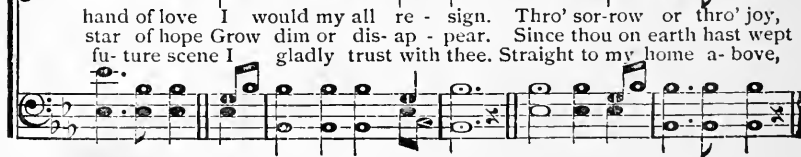
Tune, JEWETT. 6.



1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing



hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
fu - ture scene I gladly trust with thee. Straight to my home a - bove,



My Jesus, as Thou wilt.—CONCLUDED.

Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
 I travel calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

177-47 O Day of Rest and Gladness

C. WORDSWORTH.

Tune, MENDEBRAS. 7, 6.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright : }
 2. { On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth ; }
 { On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth ; }

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
 On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heaven ;

Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
 And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son ;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

178-48

Sir. E. DENNY.

Light of the Lonely.

Tune, NEWBOLD. C. M.

1. Light of the lone-ly pilgrim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,
A - rise, and with thy morning beams Chase all our griefs a - way!

Chase all our griefs a - way!

2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine!

179-49

Thou, in Whose Presence.

J. SWAIN.

Tune, MEDITATION. 11, 8.

1. O thou, in whose pre - sence my soul takes de - light,
2. Where dost thou, at noon - tide re - sort with thy sheep,
On whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day, and my
To feed them in pastures of love? Say, why in the val - ley of

O Thou, in Whose, etc.—CONCLUDED.

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
death should I weep, Or alone in this wil - der-ness rove?

- 3 O why should I wander an alien from
Or cry in the desert for bread? [thee,
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you
The star that on Israel shone? [seen
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.
- 5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard 'mid the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet;
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 6 He looks! and ten thousands of angels
And myriads wait for his word: [rejoice,
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord. [voice,

180-50

MEDLEY.

Awake, My Soul.

Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;

He just-ly claims a song from thee, His loving-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e - state, His loving-kind-ness, oh, how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

181-51

ISAAC WATTS.

All-victorious Love.

Tune, ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my
 2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be-
 3. O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my

heart a-broad: Then shall my feet no long - er rove,
 gin to glow, Burn up the dross of base de - sire,
 sins consume! Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call;

Root - ed and fixed in God.
 And make the mountains flow!
 Spir - it of burn - ing, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
 Shall then no longer move,
 While Christ is all the world to me,
 And all my heart is love.

182-52

T. MOORE.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

11, 10.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mercy-seat,

fer - vently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot
 Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

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